

THE  
M A Y O R  
O F  
Quinborough:  
A  
C O M E D Y.

As it hath been often Acted with much  
Applause at *Black-Fryars*, By His  
Majesties Servants.

---

*Written by Tho. MIDDLETON.*

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L O N D O N ,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his  
Shop at the Sign of the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower-  
Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1661.

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GENTLEMEN,

You have the first sight of him I assure you; this Mayor of Quinborough whom you have all heard of, and some of you beheld upon the Stage, now begins to walk abroad in Print; he has been known sufficiently by the reputation of his Wit, which is enough (by the way) to distinguish him from ordinary Mayors; but Wit you know, has skulk'd in Corners for many years past, and he was thought to have most of it that could best hide himself: Now whether this Magistrate fear'd the decimating times, or kept up the state of other Mayors, that are bound not to go out of their Liberties during the time of their Mayoralty, I know not; 'tis enough for me to put him into your hands, under the title of an honest man, which will appear plainly to you, because you shall find him all along to have a great pique to the Rebel Oliver; I am told his drollery yields to none the English Dramma did ever produce; and though I would not put his modesty to the blush, by speaking too much in his Commendation, yet I know you will agree with me, upon your better acquaintance with him, that there is some difference in point of Wit, betwixt the Mayor of Quinborough, and the Mayor of Huntingdon.

## Drammatis Personæ.

*Constantius.*

*Aurelius Ambrosius.*

*Uther Pendragon.*

*Vortiger.*

*Hengist.*

*Horsus.*

*Devonshire,*

*Stafford.* } *British Lords.*

*Gentlemen.*

*Symon.*

*Oliver.*

*Taylor.*

*Barber.*

*Aminadab.*

*Footmen.*

*Souldiers.*

*Cheaters.*

*Capti<sup>z</sup>as.*

*Roxena.*

*Ladies.*

*Raynulph Monck of Chester.*

*Germanus,*

*Lupus.* } *Moncks.*

*Graſiers.*

# The Mayor of Quinborough.

## ACT. I. SCENA I.

*Enter Raynulph:*

*Ray.* **W**Hat *Raynulph* Monck of *Chester* can  
Raise from his *Polycranicon*  
That raiseth him as works do men  
To see long parted light agen,  
That best may please this round fair ring  
With sparkling Diamonds circled in,  
I shall produce : If all my powers  
Can win the grace of two poor hours,  
Well apaid I go to rest ;  
Ancient stories have been best,  
Fashions that are now call'd new  
Have been worn by more then you ;  
Elder times have us'd the same,  
Though these new ones get the name :  
So in story what now told  
That takes not part with days of old ?  
Then to approve times mutual glory  
Joyn new times love to old times story.

*Exit.*

*Shouts within ; Then Enter Vortiger.*

*Vor.* Will that wide throated Beast, the multitude,  
Never leave bellowing ? Courtiers are ill  
Advised when they first make such Monsters.  
How neer was I to a Scepter and a Crown ?

Fair Power was even upon me, my desires  
 Were casting glory, till this forked Rabble  
 With their infectious Acclamations  
 Poyson'd my Fortunes for Constantines sons.  
 Well, though I rise not King, I'le seek the means  
 To grow as neer to one as policy can,  
 And choak their expectations. Now, good Lords,  
 In whose kind loves and wishes I am built  
 As high as humane dignity can aspire,  
 Are yet those Truncks that have no other souls  
 But noise and ignorance, something more quiet ?

*Devon.* Nor are they like to be for ought we gather,  
 Their wills are up still ; nothing can appease them,  
 Good speeches are but cast away upon them.

*Vor.* Then, since necessity and fate withstand me,  
 I'le strive to enter at a straighter passage ;  
 Your sudden aid and counsels, good my Lords.

*Staff.* They are ours no longer then they do you service.

*Enter Constantius (as a Monck, attended by other Moncks)*  
*Vortiger stays him.*

*Vor.* Vessels of sanctity, be pleas'd a while  
 To give attention to the general peace,  
 Wherein Heaven is serv'd too, though not so purely.  
*Constantius,* eldest son of *Constantine,*  
 We here seize on thee for the general good,  
 And in thy right of Birth.

*Con.* On me ! for what Lords ?

*Vor.* The Kingdoms Government.

*Con.* Oh powers of Blessedness !

Keep me from growing downwards into earth again,  
 I hope I am further on my way then so ; set forwards.

*Vor.* You must not.

*Con.* How !

*Vor.* I know your wisdom  
 Will light upon a way to pardon us  
 When you shall read in every Britains brow

Enter De-  
von and  
Stafford:

The

The urg'd necessity of the times.

Con. What necessity can there be in the world  
But prayer and repentance ? and that business  
I am about now.

Vor. Hark afar off still,  
We lose and hazard much ; holy *Germanus*,  
And Reverend *Lupus*, with all expedition  
Set the Crown on him.

Con. No such mark of Fortune  
Comes neer my head.

Vor. My Lord, we are forc'd to rule you.

Con. Dare you receive Heavens light in at your Eye-lids  
And offer violence to Religion ?  
Take heed, the very Beam let in to comfort you  
May be the fire to burn you ; On these knees,  
Hardned with zealous Prayers, I entreat you  
Bring not my cares into the world again.  
Think with how much unwillingnes and anguish  
A glorified Soul parted from the Body  
Would to that loathsome Gaol again return,  
With such great pain a well subdued affection  
Re-enters wordly business.

Vor. Good my Lord,  
I know you cannot lodge so many Vertues,  
But Patience must be one. As low as earth  
We beg the freenes of your own consent  
Which else must be constrain'd ; and time it were  
Either agreed or forc'd. Speak good my Lord,  
For you bind up more sins in this delay  
Then thousand Prayers can absolve again.

Con. Were't but my death, you should not kneel so long fort.

Vor. 'Twill be the death of Millions if you rise not,  
And that betimes too : Lend your help my Lords,  
For fear all come too late.

Con. This is a Cruelty  
That peaceful man did never suffer yet  
To make me dye again, that once was dead,  
And begin all that ended long before.

Hold

Hold *Lupus* and *Germanus*, you are lights  
Of Holiness and Religion, can you offer  
The thing that is not lawful? stand not I  
Clear from all temporal charge by my profession?

*Ger.* Not when a time so violent calls upon you,  
Who is born a Prince, is born a general peace,  
Not his own only; Heaven will look for him  
In others actions, and will require him there.  
What is in you religious must be shewn  
In saving many more Souls then your own.

*Con.* Did not great *Constantine*, our Noble Father,  
Deem me unfit for Government and Rule,  
And therefore prais'd me into this profession?  
Which I have held strict; and love it above glory.  
Nor is there want of me, your selves can witness  
Heaven hath provided largely for your peace,  
And bles'd you with the lives of my two Brothers,  
Fix your obedience there, leave me a Servant.

*All.* Long live *Constantius*, Son of *Constantine*,  
King of Great Britain.

*Con.* I do feel a want  
And extream poverty of Joy within;  
The peace I had is parted 'mongst rude men,  
To keep them quiet I have lost it all.  
What can the Kingdom gain by my undoing?  
That riches is not best, though it be mighty,  
That's purchas'd by the ruine of another;  
Nor can the peace so filch'd ever thrive with them:  
And if't be worthily held Sacredge  
To rob a Temple, 'tis no less offence  
To ravish meditations from the Soul  
(The consecrated Altar in a man: )  
And all their hopes will be beguil'd in me,  
I know no more the way to temporal Rule  
Then he that's born and has his years come to him  
In a rough desert; well may the weight kill me,  
And that's the fairest good I look for from it.

*Vor.* Not so, great King, here stoops a faithful servant

Would

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Would sooner perissh under it with cheerfulness  
Then your meek Soul should feel oppression  
Of ruder cares ; such common coarse employments  
Cast upon me your servant, upon *Vortiger* ;  
I see you are not made for noise and pains,  
Clamours of Suitors, Injuries and Redresses,  
Millions of Actions, rising with the Sun,  
Like Laws still ending and yet never done,  
Of power to turn a great man to the state  
Of his marble Monument : with over-watching,  
To be oppres'd is not requir'd of you, my Lord,  
But only to be King : the broken sleeps  
Let me take from you, Sir ; the toyls and troubles,  
All that is burthenous in Authority  
Please you lay it on me, and what is glorious  
Receive it to your own brightnes.

*Con.* Worthy *Vortiger*,  
If'twere not sin to grieve another's patience  
With what we cannot tolerate our self,  
How happy were I in thee and thy love ?  
There's nothing makes man feel his miseries  
But knowledge only ; reason, that is plac'd  
For mans director is his chief afflictor ;  
For though I cannot bear the weight my self,  
I cannot have that barrenness of remorle  
To see another groan under my burthen.

*Vor.* I am quite blown up a confisnable way,  
There's even a trick of murthering in some pity ;  
The death of all my hopes I see already :  
There was no other likelihood, for Religion  
Was never friend of mine yet.

*Con.* Holy Partners in strictest abstinence  
Cruel necessity hath forc'd me from you,  
We part, I fear for ever, but in mind  
I will be always here, here let me stay.

*Devon.* My Lord you know the times.

*Con.* Farewel blest Souls, I fear I shall offend,  
He that draws tears from you takes your best friend.

*Ex. all  
but Vor.  
Vor.*

B

to *The Mayor of Quinborough.*

*Vor.* Can the great motion of Ambition stand  
Like wheels false wrought by an unskilful hand ?  
Then time stand thou too, let no hopes arrive  
At their sweet wishfulness, till mine set forwards :  
Would I could stay the existence, as I can  
Thy glassie counterfeit in hours of sand,  
I'd keep thee turn'd down till my wishes rose,  
Then weel'd both rise together.

What several Inclinations are in nature ?  
How much is he disquieted, and wears Royalty  
Dishainfully upon him, like a Curse,  
Calls a fair Crown the weight of his afflictions !  
When here's a Soul would sink under the burthen,  
Yet well recovered, I will use all means  
To vex authority from him, and in all  
Study what most may discontent his blood,  
Making my Masque my Zeal to the publick good.  
Not possible a richer pollicy  
Can have conception in the thought of man.

*Enter two Grasiers.*

*1 Gra.* An honourable life enclose your Lordship.

*Vor.* Now, what are you ?

*2 Gra.* Grasiers if't like your Lordship.

*Vor.* So it should seem by your Enclosures ;  
What's your affair with me ?

*1 Gra.* We are your Petitioners,  
My Lord.

*Vor.* For what ? depart, Petitioners to me !  
You have well deserved my grace and favour, have you not a Ruler  
After your own Election ? hye you to Court,  
Get neer and close, be loud and bold enough,  
You cannot chuse but speed.

*Exit.*

*2 Gra.* If that will doe't  
We have throats wide enough, weel' put them to't.

*Exeunt.*

Dumb show. *Fortune discovered, in her hand a round Ball full  
of Lots ; then enters Hengist and Horsus, with  
others ; they draw Lots, and having opened them,  
all depart, save Hengist and Horsus, who kneel  
and*

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and embrace ; then enter Roxena, seeming to take leave of Hengist in great passion, but more especially and warily of Horsus, her Lover ; she departs one way, Hengist and Horsus another.

Enter Raynulph:

*Ray.* When Germany was over-grown  
With Sons of peace too thickly sown,  
Several guides were chosen then  
By destin'd Lots to lead out men,  
And they whom Fortune here withstands  
Must prove their Fates in other Lands.  
On these two Captains fell the Lot ;  
But that which must not be forgot,  
Was Roxena's cunning grief,  
Who from her Father like a thief,  
Hid her best and truest tears  
Which her lustful Lover wears,  
In many a stolen and wary kill  
Unseen of Father : Maids do this  
Yet highly scorn to be call'd Strumpets too,  
But what they lack of't I'le be judg'd by you.

Exit.

Enter Vortiger, Feltmonger, Button-maker, Graftier, Petitioners.

*Vor.* This way his Majesty comes.

*All.* Thank your good Lordship:

*Vor.* When you hear yon door open,

*All.* Very good my Lord.

*Vor.* Be ready with your several suits, put forward.

*Graf.* That's a thing every man does naturally, Sir,  
That is a Suitor, and doth mean to speed.

*Vor.* 'Tis well you are so deep learn'd, take no denials.

*All.* No my good Lord.

*Vor.* Not any, if you love  
The prosperity of your Suits ; you marre all utterly  
And overthrow your fruitful hopes for ever,

B 2

If

If either fifth or sixth, nay tenth repulse  
Fasten upon your bashfulness.

All. Say you so, my Lord?  
We can be troublesome if we list.

Vor. I know it,  
I felt it but too late in the general summe  
Of your ranck Brother-hood, which now I thank you for.  
While this vexation is in play, I'le study  
For a second, then a third to that, one still  
To vex another, that he shall be glad  
To yield up power, if not, it shall be had.

Exit.

But. Hark, I protest my heart was coming upwards,  
I thought the door had opened.

Graf. Marry would it had Sir.

But. I have such a treacherous heart of my own, 'twill throb  
At the very fall of a Farthingale.

Graf. Not if it fall on the rushes.

But. Yes truly if there be no light in the room I shall throb  
The first time it took me my wife was in the company,  
I remember the room was not half so light as this,  
But I'le be sworn I was a whole hout in finding her.

Graf. Berlady y'had a long time of throbbeing of it then.

But. Still I felt men, but I cou'd feel no women,  
I thought they had been all funk, I have made a Vow for't,  
I'le never have meeting while I live by Candle-light again.

Graf. Yes, Sir, in Lanthorns.

But. Yes, Sir, in Lanthorns.  
But I'le never trust candle naked again.

Graf. Hark, hark, stand close, it opens now indeed.

But. Oh Majesty, what art thou! I'ld give any man Constantius and  
Half my Suit to deliver my petition; It is in the behalf of two Gentle-  
Of Button-makers, and so it seems by my flesh.

Con. Pray do not follow me, unless you do it  
To wonder at my garments, there's no cause  
I give you why you should, 'tis shame enough  
Methinks to look upon my self;  
It grieves me that more should, the other weeds  
Became me better, but the Lords are pleas'd

To

To force me to wear these, I would not else :  
I pray be satisfied, I call'd you not.

Wonder of madness, can you stand so idle  
And know that you must dye !

1 Gent. We are all commanded, Sir,  
Besides it is our duties to your grace  
To give attendance.

Con. What a wild thing is this ?  
No marvel though you tremble at deaths name  
When you'l not see the cause why you are fools:  
For Charities sake desist here I pray you,  
Make not my presence guilty of your sloth,  
Withdraw, young men, and find you honest business.

2 Gent. What hopes have we to rise by following him ?  
I'le give him over shortly.

1 Gent. He's too nice,  
Too holy for young Gentlemen to follow  
That have good faces, and sweet running fortunes.

Con. Eight hours a day in serious contemplation  
Is but a bare allowance, no higher food  
To the Soul then bread and water to the body,  
And that's but needful, then more would do better.

But. Let us all kneel together, 'twill move pity,  
I have been at the begging of a hundred Suits.

Con. How happy am I in the sight of you ?  
Here are religious souls that lose not time,  
With what devotion do they point at Heaven,  
And seem to check me, that am too remiss !  
I bring my zeal among you, holy men,  
If I see any kneel, and I sit out,  
That hour is not well spent ; methinks, strict souls,  
You have been of some Order in your times ?

Graf. Grasiers and Braziers some, and this a Felt-maker.

But. Here's his Petition and mine, if it like your Grace.

Graf. Look upon mine, I am the longest Suitor,  
I was undone seven years ago.

Con. You have mockt my good hopes, call you these Petitions ?  
Why there's no form of Prayer among them all.

But. Yes.

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*But.* Yes in the bottom there's half a line prays for your Ma-  
If you look on mine. jest,) (

*Con.* Make your requests to Heaven, not to me.

*But.* 'Las mine's a supplication for bras buttons, Sir.

*Felt.* There's a great enormity in wool,  
I beseech your Grace consider it.

*Gra.* Pastures rise 2<sup>d</sup> an acre, what will this world come to ?

*But.* I do beseech your Grace.

*Gra.* Good your Grace.

*Con.* Oh this is one of my afflictions  
That with the Crown enclos'd me, I must bear it.

*Gra.* Your Graces answer to my supplication.

*But.* Mine my Lord.

*Con.* No violent storm lasts ever, that's the comfort of it.

*Felt.* Your Highness answer.

*Gra.* We are almost all undone, the Country begger'd.

*But.* See, see, he points at Heaven, as who should say  
There's enough there ; but 'tis a great way thither,  
There's no good to be done, I see that already,  
We may all spend our mouths like a company of Hounds  
In chase of a Royal Deer, and then go home  
And fall to cold mutton bones, when we have done.

*Gra.* My wife will hang me, that's my currish destiny. *Exeunt.*

*Con.* Thanks Heaven, 'tis over now, we should never know right-  
The sweetness of a calm, but for a storm. ly)

Here's a with'd hour for contemplation now,  
All's still and silent, here is a true Kingdom.      *Enter Voriger.*

*Vor.* My Lord.

*Con.* Again ?

*Vor.* Alas this is but early  
And gentle to the troops of busineses  
That flock about Authority : You must forthwith  
Settle your mind to marry.

*Con.* How, to marry ?

*Vor.* And suddenly, there's no pause to be given,  
The peoples wills are violent, and covetous  
Of a succession from your Loyns.

*Con.* From me there can come none, a profess'd abstinence

Hath

Hath set a Virgin Seal upon my blood,  
And alter'd all the Course ; the heat I have  
Is all enclos'd within a zeal to vertue,  
And that's not fit for earthly propagation ;  
Alas, I shall but forfeit all their hopes,  
I'm a man made without desires, tell them.

*Vor.* I prov'd them with such words, but all were fruitless,  
A Virgin of the highest Subjects blood  
They have pickt out for your embrace, and send her  
Blest with their general wishes into fruitfulness.  
Lo, where she comes, my Lord.

*Enter*  
*Castiza.*

*Con.* I never felt  
Th' unhappy hand of misery till this touch ;  
A patience I could find for all but this.

*Cast.* My Lord, your vow'd love ventures me but dangerously.

*Vor.* 'Tis but to strengthen a vexation politique.

*Cast.* That's an uncharitable practice, trust me Sir.

*Vor.* No more of that.

*Cast.* But say he should affect me, Sir,  
How should I scape him then ? I have but one faith, my Lord,  
And that you have already, our late contract is a divine witness to't.

*Vor.* I am not void of shifting rooms and helps  
For all projects that I commit with you.

*Exit.*

*Cast.* This is an ungodly way to come to honour,  
I do not like it, I love Lord *Vortiger*,  
But not these practices, th'are too uncharitable.

*Con.* Are you a Virgin ?

*Cast.* Never yet, my Lord,  
Known to the will of man.

*Con.* Oh blessed Creature !  
And does too much felicity make you surfeit ?  
Are you in soul assur'd there is a state  
Prepa'd for you, for you, a glorious one,  
In midst of Heaven, now in the state you stand in ;  
And had you rather, after much known misery,  
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curse,  
Throng but to the door, and hardly get a place there ?  
Think, hath the world a folly like this madness ?

*Keep*

Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,  
 You chaste lump of eternity, 'tis a treasure  
 Too precious for death's moment to partake,  
 This twinkling of short life; disdain as much  
 To let mortality know you, as stars to kiss the pavements, y'have a  
 As excellent as theirs, holding your pureness, (substance)  
 They look upon corruption, as you do,  
 But are stars still, be you a Virgin too.

*Cast.* I'le never marry, what though my truth be engag'd  
 To *Vortiger*? forsaking all the world  
 I save it well, and do my faith no wrong.  
 Y'have mightily prevail'd, great vertuous Sir,  
 I am bound eternally to praise your goodness,  
 My thoughts henceforth shall be as pure from man  
 As ever made a Virgins name immortal.

*Con.* I will do that for joy I never did  
 Not ever will again.

*Gent.* My Lord, he's taken.

*Vor.* I am sorry for't, I like not that so well,  
 Th'are something too familiar for their time methinks,  
 This way of kissing is no way to vex him;  
 Why I, that have a weaker faith and patience,  
 Could endure more then that, coming from a woman.  
 Dispatch, and bring his answer speedily.

*Gent.* My Lord, my gracious Lord.

*Con.* Befrew thy heart.

*Gent.* They all attend your Grace.

*Con.* I would not have them,  
 'Twould please me better if they'd all depart  
 And leave me to my self, or put me out  
 And take it to themselves.

*Gent.* The Noon is past,  
 Meat's on the table:

*Con.* Meat! away, get from me,  
 Thy memory is diseas'd, what Saints Eeve's this?

*Gen.* Saint *Agatha's* I take it.

*Con.* Is it so?  
 I am not worthy to be serv'd before her,

*As he kisses her,*  
*Enter Vortiger and*  
*Gentlemen.*

*Exit.*

*And*

*And so return I pray.*

*Gent.* He'll starv the Guard  
If this be suffer'd ; If we set Court bellies  
By a Monastery Clock, he that breaks a fellows pate now  
Will not be able to crack a louse within this twelve months. *Exit.*

*Con.* 'Tis sure forgetfulness and not mans will  
That leads him forth into licentious ways ;  
He cannot certainly commit such errors,  
And think upon them truly as they are acting.  
Why's abstinence ordain'd, but for such seasons ? *Enter Vortiger.*

*Vor.* My Lord, y'have pleas'd to put us to much pains,  
But we confess 'tis portion of our duty :  
Will your Grace please to walk ? dinner stays for you.

*Con.* I have answer'd that already.

*Vor.* But, my Lord,  
We must not so yield to you, pardon me,  
'Tis for the general good, you must be rul'd, Sir,  
Your health and life is dearer to us now,  
Think where you are, at Court, this is no Monastery.

*Con.* But Sir, my Conscience keeps still where it was,  
I may not eat this day.

*Vor.* We have sworn you shall,  
And plenifully too, we must preserve you, Sir,  
Though you be wilful ; 'tis no slight condition  
To be a King.

*Con.* Would I were less then man.

*Vor.* Will you make the people rise, my Lord,  
In great despair of your continuance,  
If you neglect the means that must sustain you.

*Con.* I never eat on Eves.

*Vor.* But now you must,  
It concerns others healths that you take food,  
I have chang'd your life, you well may change your mood.

*Con.* This is beyond all cruelty.

*Vor.* 'Tis our care my Lord.

*Exempt.*

C

*Actus.*



## ACT. 2. SCENA 1.

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*Enter Vortiger and Castiza.*

*Cast.* MY Lord, I am resolv'd, tempt me no farther,  
Tis all to fruitless purpose.

*Vor.* Are you well?

*Cast.* Never so perfect in the truth of health  
As at this instant.

*Vor.* Then I doubt my own,  
Or that I am not waking.

*Cast.* Would you were then,  
You'd praise my resolution.

*Vor.* This is wondrous,  
Are you not mine by contract?

*Cast.* 'Tis most true, my Lord,  
And I am better blest in't then I lookt for,  
In that I am confin'd in faith so strictly ;  
I am bound my Lord, to marry none but you,  
You'l grant me that ; and you l'e never marry.

*Vor.* It draws me into violence and hazard,  
I saw you kiss the King.

*Cast.* I grant you so Sir,  
Where could I take my leave of the world better ?  
I wrong'd not you in that, you will acknowledge  
A King is the best part of it.

*Vor.* Oh my passion !

*Cast.* I see you something yielding to Infirmitiy ; Sir,  
I take my leave.

*Vor.* Why, 'tis not possible !

*Cast.* The fault is in your faith, time I were gone  
To give it better strengthening:

*Vor.* Hark you, Lady.

*Cast.*

*Cast.* Send your intent to the next Monastery,  
There you shall find my answer ever after,  
And so with my last duty to your Lordship,  
For whose prosperity I will pray as heartily  
As for my own.

*Exit.*

*Vor.* How am I serv'd in this? I offer a vexation to the King,  
He sends it home into my boud with vantage.  
I'le put off time no longer, I have brought him  
Into most mens neglects, calling his zeal  
A deep pride hallowed over, love of ease  
More then devotion, or the publick benefit;  
Which catcheth many mens beliefs. I am stronger too  
In peoples wishes, their affections point at me.  
I lose much time and glory, that redeem'd,  
She that now flyes returns with joy and wonder,  
Greatnes and womans wish ne're keep asunder.

*Exit.*

*Dumb show.* Enter two Villains, to them Vortiger, who seems to sollicite them with gold, then swears them, and Exit: Enter Constantius meditating, they rudely strike down his Book, draw their Swords, he kneels and spreads his arms, they kill him, hurry him off. Enter Vortiger, Devonhire and Stafford in Conference, to them the Villains presenting the head, he seems sorrowful, and in rage stabbeth them both. Then they crown Vortiger, and fetch in Castiza, who comes unwillingly, he hales her, and they crown her. Aurelius and Uther Brothers of Constantius, seeing him crowned, draw and fly.

Enter Raynulph.

*Ray.* When nothing could prevail to tire  
The good Kings patience, they did hire  
Two wicked Rogues to take his life,  
In whom a while there fell a strife  
Of pity and fury, but the gold  
Made pity faint, and fury bold:

C 2

Then

Then to *Vortiger* they bring  
 The head of that religious King,  
 Who feigning grief, to clear his guilt,  
 Makes the flightierers bloud be spilt.  
 Then crown they him, and force the Maid,  
 That vow'd a Virgin-life, to wed.  
 Such a strength great power extends,  
 It conquers Fathers, Kindred, Friends.  
 And since Fates pleas'd to change her life  
 She proves as holy in a Wife.  
 More to tell, were to betray  
 What deeds in their own tongues must say ;  
 Only this, the good King dead  
 The Brothers poor in safety fled.

*Exit.*

*Enter Vortiger (Crowned) a Gentleman meeting him.*

*Gent.* My Lord.

*Vor.* I fear thy News will fetch a Curse,  
 It comes with such a violence.

*Gent.* The people are up  
 In Arms against you.

*Vor.* Oh this dream of glory !  
 Sweet power, before I can have time to taste thee  
 Must I for ever lose thee ? what's the Impostume  
 That swells them now ?

*Gent.* The Murther of *Constantius*.

*Vor.* Ulcers of Realms ! they hated him alive,  
 Grew weary of the minute of his Reign,  
 Call'd him an evil of their own electing,  
 And is their ignorant zeal so fiery now  
 When all their thanks are cold ? the mutable hearts  
 That move in their false breasts ! provide me safety,  
 Hark, I hear ruine threaten me with a voice  
 That imitates thunder.

*Enter a second Gentleman.*

<sup>2<sup>d</sup></sup> *Gent.* Where's the King ?

*Vor.* Who takes him ?

<sup>2<sup>1</sup></sup> *Gent.* Send peace to all your Royal thoughts, my Lord,

**A**

A Fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed  
Offer the truth of all their Service to you.

*Vor.* Saxons ! my wishes, let them have free entrance,  
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us ;  
They never could come happier.

*Enter Hengist, Horsus, Soldiers.*

*Heng.* Health, power, and victory to *Vortiger.*

*Vor.* There can be no more pleasure to a King  
If all the Languages earth spake were ransackt.  
Your names I know not, but so much good fortune  
And warranted worth lightens your fair aspects,  
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.

*Heng.* The Mistress of our births hope, fruitful *Germany*,  
Calls me *Hengistus*, and this Captain *Horsus*,  
A man low built, but yet in deeds of Arms  
Flame is not swifter : we are all, my Lord,  
The Sons of Fortune, she has sent us forth  
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits :  
And since after the rage of many a tempest  
Our Fates have cast us upon *Britains* bounds,  
We offer you the first fruits of our wounds.

*Vor.* Which we shall dearly prize, the mean't bload spent  
Shall at wealths fountain make its own content:

*Heng.* You double vigour in us then, my Lord,  
Pay is the soul of such as thrive by th' Sword.

*Exeunt:*

*Enter Vortiger and Gentlemen.*

*Alarm and Skirmishes.*

*1 Gent.* My Lord, these Saxons bring a Fortune with them  
Stay any Roman succes.

*Vor.* On, speak forwards,  
I will not take one minute from thy tydings.

*1 Gent.* The main supporters of this Insurrection  
They have taken Prisoners, and the rest so tame  
They stoop to the least grace that flows from mercy.

*Vor.* Never came power guided by better stars  
Then these mens fortitudes, yet th'are mis-believers,  
Which to my reason is wonderous. *Enter Hengist and Horsus*  
Y'have given me such a first taste of your worth *with Prisoners.*  
*Twill*

'Twill never from my love, when life is gone  
 The memory sure will follow, my soul still  
 Participating immortality with it.  
 But here's the misery of earths limited glory,  
 There's not a way reveal'd to any honour  
 Above the same which your own merits give you.

*Heng.* Indeed, my Lord, we hold, when all's summ'd up,  
 That can be made for worth to be expres'd,  
 The fame that a man wins himself is best,  
 That he may call his own ; honours put to him  
 Make him no more a man than his clothes do,  
 And are as soon ta'ne off ; for in the warmth  
 The heat comes from the body, not the weeds ;  
 So mans true fame must strike from his own deeds.  
 And since by this event which fortune speaks us  
 This Land appears the fair predestin'd soil  
 Ordain'd for our good hap, we crave, my Lord,  
 A little earth to thrive on, what you please,  
 Where wee'l but keep a Nursery of good spirits  
 To fight for you and yours.

*Vor.* Sir, for our Treasure  
 'Tis open to your merits, as our love ;  
 But for y're strangers in Religion chiefly,  
 (Which is the greatest Alienation can be  
 And breeds most factions in the blouds of men)  
 I must not yield to that.

*Heng.* So precious, my Lord,  
 I see a pattern, be it but so little  
 As yon poor Hide will compass.

*Vor.* How, the Hide !

*Heng.* Rather then nothing, Sir.

*Vor.* Since y're so reasonable,  
 Take so much in the best part of our Kingdom.

*Heng.* We thank your Grace. Rivers from bubbling springs  
 Have rise at first, and great from abject things.  
 Stay yonder fellow, he came luckily,  
 And he shall fare well for't, what e're he be,  
 Wee'l thank our fortune in rewarding him.

Enter Symon  
 with a Hide.

*Horsus.*

*Horsus.* Stay, fellow.

*Sym.* How, fellow ! 'tis more then you know  
Whether I be your fellow or no, I am sure you see me not.

*Heng.* Come, what's th' price of your Hide ?

*Sym.* Oh unreasonabell Villain !

He would buy the house over a mans head ; I'le be sure now  
To make my bargain wisely, they may buy me out of my skin else ;  
Whose Hide would you buy, mine or the Beasts ?  
There is little difference in their complexions, I think mine  
Is the blacker of the two ; you shall see for your love, and buy for  
A pestilence on you all, how have you deceiv'd me ? (your money.  
You buy an Oxe hide ? you buy a Calves Gather : they are all  
Hungry Souldiers, and I took them for honest Shoomakers.

*Heng.* Hold fellow, prithee hold ; right a fool wordling  
That kicks at all good fortune. Whose man art thou ?

*Sym.* I am a Servant, yet a masterles man, Sir.

*Heng.* Prithee how can that be ?

*Sym.* Very nimblly, Sir,  
My Master is dead, and now I serve my Mistress,  
*Ergo*, I am a masterles man, she is now a widow,  
And I am the Foreman of her Tan-pit.

*Heng.* Hold you, and thank your Fortune, not your wit.

*Sym.* Faith, and I thank your bounry and not your wisdom,  
You are not troubled with wit neither greatly, it seems :  
Now by this light a nest of Yellow Hammers !  
What will become of me ? If I can keep all these without hanging  
My self, I am happier then a hundred of my Neighbours.  
You shall have my skin into the bargain,  
Then if I chance to dye like a Dog  
The labour will be sav'd of fleing me ;  
Ile undertake, Sir, you shall have  
All the skins in our Parish at this price, mens and womens.

*Heng.* Sirrah, give good ear to me ; now take the Hide  
And cut it all into the stendrest thongs  
That can bear strength to hold.

*Sym.* That were a jest y\*faith,  
Spoil all the Leather ? fin and pury,  
Why 'twould shooe half your Army.

*Heng.*

*Heng.* Do it I bid you.

*Sym.* What, cut it all in thongs ? hum,

This is like the vanity of your Roman Ga lants, that cannot wear  
Good Suits but they must have them cut and flasht in giggers,  
That the very crimson Taffaties sit blushing at their follies ;  
I would I might perswade you from this humour of cutting,  
'Tis but a swaggering condition and nothing profitable : what if it  
Were but well pinckt ? 'twould last longer for a summer suit.

*Heng.* What a cro's lump of ignorance have I lighted on ?  
I must be forc'd to beat my drift into him ;  
Look you, to make you wiser then your Parents,  
I have so much ground given me as this Hide will compass,  
Which, as it is, is nothing.

*Sym.* Nothing quoth a,  
Why 'twill not keep a Hog.

*Heng.* Now with the vantage  
Cut into several pieces 'twill stretch far  
And make a liberal Circuit.

*Sym.* A shame on your crafty Hide  
Is this your cunning ? I have learnt more knavery now  
Then ever I shall claw off while I live.  
I'le go purchase land by Cow-tails and undo the Parish,  
Three good Bulls pizzels would set up a man for ever,  
This is like a pin a day to set up a Haberdasher of small wares.

*Heng.* Thus men that mean to thrive, as we must learn,  
Set in a foot at first.

*Sym.* A foot do you call it ?  
The Devil is in that foot that takes up all this Leather.

*Heng.* Dispatch, and cut it carefully with all the advantage, Sirra.

*Sym.* You could never have lighted upon such a fellow  
To serve your turn, Captain ; I have such a trick of stretching too,  
I learn'd it of a Tanners man that was hang'd  
Last Sessions at *Maidstone*,  
I'le warrant you I'le get you a mile and a half  
More then y'are aware of.

*Heng.* Pray serve me so as oft as you will, Sir.

*Sym.* I am casting about for 9 acres to make a garden plot,  
Out of one of the Buttocks.

*Heng.*

*Heng.* 'Twill be a good soil for Nose-gayes.

*Sym.* 'Twill be a good soil for Cabbages to stuff out the guts  
Of your Followers there:

*Heng.* Go see it carefully perform'd,  
It is the first foundation of our fortunes  
On Britains earth, and ought to be embrac'd  
With a respect neer link'd to adoration.  
Methinks it sounds to me a fair assurance  
Of large honours and hopes, does it not, Captain?

*Hors.* How many have begun with less at first  
That have had Emperours from their bodies sprung,  
And left their Carcasses as much in monument  
As would erect a Colledge?

*Heng.* There's the fruits  
Of their religious shew too, to lye rotting  
Under a million spent in gold and marble.

*Hors.* But where shall we make choice of our ground, Captain?

*Heng.* About the fruitful flanks of uberous Kent,  
A fat and olive soil, there we came in;  
Oh Captain, he has given he knows not what.

*Hors.* Long may he give so.

*Heng.* I tell thee, Sifrah, he that begg'd a field  
Of fourscore Acres for a Garden-plot,  
'Twas pretty well, but he came short of this.

*Hors.* Send over for more Saxons.

*Heng.* With all speed, Captain.

*Hors.* Especially for Roxena.

*Heng.* Who, my Daughter?

*Hors.* That Star of Germany, forget not her, Sir,  
She is a fair fortunate Maid,  
Fair she is, and fortunate may she be,  
But in Maid lost for ever, my desire  
Has been the close confusion of that name.  
A treasure 'tis, able to make more Thieves  
Than Cabinets set open to entice,  
Which learn them theft that never knew the vice.

*Heng.* Come, I'll dispatch with speed.

*Hors.* Do, forget none.

*Heng.* Marry pray help my memory.

*Hors.* Roxena you remember?

*Heng.* What more dear Sir?

*Hors.* I see your memory's clear, Sir.

*Heng.* Thoſe shouts leap'd from our Army.

*Hors.* They were too cheerful

To voice a bad event.

*Heng.* Now, Sir, your News?

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gen.* Roxena the fair.

*Heng.* True, ſhe shall be ſent for.

*Gen.* She's here, Sir.

*Heng.* What ſay'it?

*Gen.* She's come, Sir.

*Hors.* A new youth begins me o're agen.

*Gen.* Followed you close, Sir,

With ſuch a zeal as daughter never equal'd,  
Expos'd her ſelf to all the merciless dangers  
Set in mankind or fortune, not regarding  
Ought but your fight.

*Heng.* Her love is infinite to me.

*Hors.* Moft charitably censur'd, 'tis her cunning,  
The love of her own luſt, which makes a woman  
Gallop down hill as fearless as a Drunkard,  
There's no true Loadstone in the world but that,  
It draws them through all storms by Sea or ſhame,  
Life's loſs is thought too ſmall to pay that game:

*Gen.* What follows more of her will you take ſtrongly.

*Heng.* How!

*Gen.* Nay 'tis worth your wonder.

Her heart joy ravish'd with your late ſucess  
Being the early morning of your fortunes,  
So proſperoſly new opening at her coming,  
She takes a Cup of Gold, and midſt the Army,  
Teaching her knee a reverend cheerfulness,  
Which well became her, drank a liberal health  
To the Kings joys and yours, the King in preſence,  
Who with her fight, but her behaviour chiefly,  
Or chief but one or both, I know not which,

But

But he's so far 'bove my expression caught,  
'Twere art enough for one mans time and portion  
To speak him and miss nothing.

*Heng.* This is astonishing !

*Hors.* Oh this ends bitter now, our close hid flame  
Will break out of my heart, I cannot keep it.

*Heng.* Gave you attention, Captain ? how now man ?

*Hors.* A kind of grief about these times of the Moon still,  
I feel a pain like a Convulsion,

A Cramp at heart, I know not what name fits it. *Florish.*

*Heng.* Nor never seek one for it, let it go *Enter Vortiger,*  
Without a name, would all griefs were serv'd so. *Roxena, &c.*

*Hors.* A Love knot already, arm in arm !

*Vor.* What's he lays claim to her ?

*Heng.* In right of Father-hood  
I challenge an obedient part.

*Vor.* Take it, and send back the rest.

*Heng.* What means your Grace ?

*Vor.* You'le keep no more then what  
Belongs to you ?

*Heng.* That's all, my Lord, it all belongs to me,  
I keep the husbands Interest til he come,  
Yet out of duty and respect to Majesty  
I send her back your Servant.

*Vor.* My Mistress, Sir, or nothing.

*Heng.* Come again, I never thought to hear so ill of thee.

*Vor.* How, Sir, so ill ?

*Heng.* So beyond detestable,  
To be an honest Vassal is some Calling,  
Poor is the worst of that, shame comes not to't ;  
But Mistress that the only common bait  
Fortune sets at all hours, catching Whore with it,  
And plucks them up by Clusters. There's my sword, my Lord,  
And if your strong desires aim at my blood  
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way  
Quench it in mine.

*Vor.* I ne're took sword in vain,  
*Hengift,* we here create thee Earl of Kent.

*Horf.* Oh that will doe't.

*Vor.* What ails our friend? Look to him.

*Rox.* Oh 'tis his Epilepsy, I know it well,  
I helpt him once in *Germany*, comes it again?  
A Virgins right hand stroak'd upon his heart  
Gives him ease straight, but it must be a pure Virgin,  
Or else it brings no comfort.

*Vor.* What a task

She puts upon her self, unurged purity!

The truth of this will bring loves rage into me.

*Rox.* Oh this would mad a woman, there's no proof  
In love to indiscretion.

*Horf.* Pish, this cures not.

*Rox.* Dost think I'le ever wrong thee?

*Horf.* Oh most feelingly,  
But I'le prevent it now and break thy neck  
With thy own cunning; thou hast undertaken  
To give me help, to bring in Royal credit  
Thy crackt Virginity, but I'le spoil all,  
I will not stand on purpose, though I could,  
But fall still, to disgrace thee.

*Rox.* What, you will not?

*Horf.* I have no other way to help my self,  
For when th'art known to be a whore impostorous  
I shall be sure to keep thee.

*Rox.* Oh, Sir, shame me not,  
Y'have had what is most precious, try my faith,  
Undo me not at first in chaste opinion.

*Horf.* All this art shall not make me feel my Legs.

*Rox.* I prithee do not wilfully confound me?

*Horf.* Well I am content for this time to recover  
To save thy credit, and bite in my pain;  
But if thou ever fail'it me, I will fall,  
And thou shalt never get me up again.

*Rox.* Agreed 'twixt you and I, Sir, fee, my Lord,  
A poor maids work, the man may pafs for health now,  
Among the cleareft blouds, and those are nicest:

*Vor.* I have heard of women brought men on their knees,

But

But few that e're restor'd them, how now Captain ?

*Hors.* My Lord, methinks I could do things past man  
I'm so renew'd in vigour, I long most  
For violent exercise to take me down,  
My joy's so high in bloud I'me above frailty.

*Vor.* My Lord of Kent ?

*Heng.* Your loves unworthy Creature.

*Vor.* Seest thou this fair Chain ? think upon the means  
To keep it link'd for ever.

*Heng.* Oh my Lord,  
'Tis many degrees funderd from my hope,  
Besides Your Grace has a young vertuous Queen.

*Vor.* I say think on it.

*Hors.* If this wind hold I fall to my old disease:

*Vor.* There's no fault in thee but to come so late,  
All else is excellent, I chide none but fate.

*Exeunt.*



## ACT. 3. SCENA 1.

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*Enter Horsus and Roxena.*

*Rox.* I Have no conceit now that you ever lov'd me,  
But as lust led you for the time.

*Hor.* See, see.

*Rox.* Do you pine at my advancement, Sir ?

*Hor.* Oh barrennes  
Of understanding ! what a right love is this ?  
'Tis you that fall, I that am reprehended ;  
What height of honours, eminence of fortune  
Should ravish me from you ?

*Rox.* Who can tell that, Sir ?  
What's he can judge of a mans appetite  
Before he sees him eat ? who knows the strength of any's constancy  
That

That never yet was tempted ? we can call  
 Nothing our own, if they be deeds to come,  
 Th'are only ours, when they are pass'd and done.  
 How blest are you above your apprehension,  
 If your desire would lend you so much patience  
 To examine the adventurous condition  
 Of our affections, which are full of hazard,  
 And draw in the times goodness to defend us !  
 First, this bold course of ours cannot last long,  
 Nor ever does in any without shame,  
 And that, you know, brings danger ; and the greater  
 My Father is in bloud, as he is well risen,  
 The greater will the storm of his rage be  
 Against his blouds wronging : I have cast for this,  
 'Tis not advancement that I love alone,  
 'Tis love of shelter, to keep shame unknown.

*Hor.* Oh were I sure of thee, as 'tis impossible  
 There to be ever sure where there's no hold,  
 Your pregnant hopes should not be long in rising.

*Rox.* By what assurance have you held me thus far  
 Which you found firm, despair you not in that.

*Hor.* True, that was good security for the time,  
 But in a change of state, when you are advanc'd  
 You women have a French toy in your pride,  
 You make your friend come crouching ; or perhaps,  
 To bow in th'ham's the better, he is put  
 To complement three hours with your chief woman,  
 Then perhaps not admitted, no nor ever,  
 That's the more noble fashion : forgetfulness  
 Is the most pleasing vertue they can have  
 That do spring up from nothing, for by the same  
 Forgetting all they forget whence they came ;  
 An excellent property of oblivion.

*Rox.* I pity all the fortunes of poor women  
 In my own unhappiness, when we have given  
 All that we have to men, what's our requital ?  
 An ill-fac'd jealousy, that resembles much  
 The mistrustfulness of an insatiate thief

That

That scarce believes he has all, though he has stripp'd  
The true man naked, and left nothing on him  
But the hard cord that binds him : so are we  
First robb'd, and then left bound by jealousie.  
Take reasons advice, and you'll find it impossible  
For you to lose me in this Kings advancement  
Who's an Usurper here, and as the Kingdom  
So shall he have my love by usurpation,  
The right shall be in thee still ; my ascencion  
To dignity is but to waft thee higher,  
And all Usurpers have the falling-sickness,  
They cannot keep up long.

*Hor.* May credulous man  
Put all his confidence in so weak a Bottom  
And make a saving Voyage ?

*Rox.* Nay as gainful  
As ever man yet made.

*Hor.* Go, take thy fortunes,  
Aspire with my consent, so thy ambition will be sure to prosper.  
Speak the fair certainties of *Britains Queen*  
Home to thy wishes.

*Rox.* Speak in hope I may  
But not in certainty.

*Hor.* I say in both,  
Hope and be sure I'le soon remove the Lett that stands  
Between thee and thy Glory.

*Rox.* Life of Love !  
If lost Virginity can win such a day  
I'le have no daughter but shall learn my way.

*Exit.*

*Hor.* 'Twill be good work for him that first instructs them,  
May be some Son of mine, got by this woman too,  
May match with their own Sisters. Peace, 'tis he,  
Invention fail me not, 'tis a gallant credit  
To marry ones Whore bravely.

*Enter*  
Vortiger.

*Vor.* Have I power  
Of life and death, and cannot command ease  
In my own bloud ? After I was a King  
I thought I never should have felt pain more,

That

That there had been a ceasing of all passions  
 And common stings, which Subjects use to feel,  
 That were created with a patience fit  
 For all extremities : But such as we  
 Know not the way to suffer, then to do it  
 How most prepost'rous 'tis ? tush, riddles, riddles.  
 I'le break through custom, why should not the mind,  
 The nobler part that's of us, be allow'd  
 Change of affections, as our Bodies are  
 Change of food and rayment ? I'le have it so.  
 All fashions appear strange at first production,  
 But this would be well followed : Oh Captain !

*Hor.* My Lord I grieve for you, I scarce fetch breath  
 But a sigh hangs at the end of it, but this  
 Is not the way, if you'l'd give way to counsel.

*Vor.* Set me right then, or I shall heavily curse thee  
 For lifting up my understanding to me  
 To shew that I was wrong ; Ignorance is safe,  
 I then slept happily ; If knowledge mend me not  
 Thou hast committed a most cruel sin,  
 To wake me into judgement and then leave me.

*Hor.* I will not leave you, Sir, that were rudely done,  
 First y'have a flame too open and too violent,  
 Which like bloud-guiltines in an Offender  
 Betrays him, when nought else can : out with it, Sir,  
 Or let some cunning coverture be made  
 Before your practice enters, 'twill spoil all else.

*Vor.* Why, look you, Sir, I can be as calm as silence  
 All the while musick plays, strike on, sweet friend,  
 As mild and merry as the heart of Innocence ;  
 I prithee take my temper; has a Virgin  
 A heat more modest ?

*Hor.* He does well to ask me,  
 I could have told him once ; why here's a government,  
 There's not a sweeter amity in friendship  
 Then in this League 'twixt you and heath.

*Vor.* Then since  
 Thou find'st me capable of happiness

Instruct me with the practice.

*Hor.* What will you say, my Lord,  
If I ensnare her in an action of lust?  
Oh there were art to the life, but 'tis impossible,  
I prithee flatter me no farther with it;  
Fye, so much sin as goes to make up that  
Will never prevail with her: why I'll tell you, Sir,  
She's so sin-killing modest, that if only  
To move the question were enough Adultery  
To cause a separation, there's no Gallant  
So braffie impudent durst undertake  
The words that shall belong to't.

*Hor.* Say you so, Sir?  
There's nothing made in the world, but has a way to't,  
Though some be harder then the rest to find,  
Yet one there is, that's certain; and I think  
I have took the course to light on it.

*Vor.* Oh I pray for't.  
*Hor.* I heard you lately say (from whence, my Lord,  
My practice receiv'd life first) that your Queen  
Still consecrates her time to Contemplation,  
Takes solitary walks.

*Vor.* Nay late and early  
Commands her weak Guard from her, which are but  
Women at strongest.

*Hor.* I like all this, my Lord,  
And now, Sir, you shall know what net is us'd  
In many places to catch modest women,  
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts:  
Now there be some will catch up men as fast,  
But those She-Fowlers nothing concern us,  
Their Birding is at Windows, ours abroad,  
Where Ring-doves should be caught, that's married wives,  
Or chaff Maids, what the appetite has a mind to.

*Vor.* Make no pause then.

*Hor.* The honest Gentlewoman,  
When nothing will prevail (I pity her now)  
Poor Soul, she's entic'd forth by her own Sex

To be betray'd to man, who in some Garden-house  
 Or remote walk, taking his lustful time,  
 Binds darkness on her eye-lids, surprizes her,  
 And having a Coach ready, turns her in,  
 Hurrying her where he list for the sirs safety,  
 Making a rape of honour without words,  
 And at the low ebb of his lust, perhaps  
 Some three days after, sends her coach'd again  
 To the same place, and, which would make most mad,  
 She's robb'd of all, yet knows not where she's robb'd,  
 There's the dear precious mischief.

*Vor.* Is this practis'd?

*Hor.* Too much, my Lord, to be so little known,  
 A Sprindge to catch a Maiden-head after Sun-set,  
 Clip it, and send it home again to the City,  
 There 'twill ne're be perceiv'd.

*Vor.* My raptures want expression,  
 I conceit enough to make me fortunate, and thee great.

*Hor.* I praise it then, my Lord, I knew 'twould take.

Exit.  
Exit.



## ACT. 3. SCENA 2.

Enter Castiza (with a Book) and two Ladies.

*Cast.* M Ethinks you live strange lives! When I see it not  
 It grieves me less, you know how to ease me then;  
 If you but knew how well I lov'd your absence  
 You would bestow it upon me without asking.

*1 La.* Faith, for my part, were it no more for  
 Ceremony then for Love,  
 You should walk long enough without my attendance,  
 And so think all my Fellows, though they say nothing;  
 Books in womens hands are as much against the hair, methinks.

As

As to see men wear stomachers, or night rayles ;  
She that has the Green-sicknes and should follow her counfel,  
Would dye like an Afs, and go to the worms like a fallad ;  
Not I, so long as such a Creature as man is made,  
She is a fool that knows not what he is good for. *Exeunt Ladies.*

*Cast.* Though among lives elections, that of Virgin  
I did speak nobleſt of ; yet it has pleas'd the King  
To ſend me a contented bleſſedneſs  
In that of marriage, which I ever doubted ;  
I ſee the Kings affection was a true one,  
It laſts and holds out long, that's no mean vertue  
In a commanding man, though in great fear  
At firſt I was enforc'd to venture on it.

*Enter Vortiger  
and Horsus  
diſguifed.*

*Vor.* All's happy, clear and ſafe.  
*Hor.* The reſt comes gently on.  
*Vor.* Be ſure you ſeize on her full ſight at firſt,  
For fear of my diſcovery.

*Hor.* Now fortune, and I am ſped.  
*Cast.* Treafon, treafon !  
*Hor.* Sirrah, how stand you ? prevent noife and clamour,  
Or death ſhall end thy Service.

*Vor.* A ſure Cunning.  
*Cast.* Oh reſcue, reſcue.  
*Hor.* Dead her voice, away, make ſpeed.  
*Cast.* No help, no ſuccour ?

*Hor.* Louder yet, extend  
Your voice to the laſt rack, you ſhall have leave now,  
Y'are far from any pity.

*Cast.* What's my ſin ?  
*Hor.* Contempt of man, and he's a noble Creature,  
And takes it in ill part to be despis'd.

*Cast.* I never despis'd any.  
*Hor.* No ? you hold us  
Unworthy to be lov'd, what call you that ?  
*Cast.* I have a Lord diſproves you.

*Hor.* Pifh, your Lord ?  
Y'are bound to love your Lord, that is no thanks to you ;  
You ſhould love thole you are not tyed to love,

That's the right tryal of a womans Charity:

*Casf.* I know not what you are, nor what my fault is,  
If it be life you seek, what ere you be,  
Use no inmodest words, and take it from me,  
You kill me more in talking sinfully  
Then acting Cruelty ; be so far pitiful  
To end me without words.

*Hor.* Long may you live,  
'Tis the wish of a good Subject, 'tis not life  
That I thirst after, Loyalty forbid  
I should commit such Treason; you mistake me,  
I have no such bloudy thought, only your love  
Shall content me.

*Casf.* What said you, Sir ?

*Hor.* Thus plainly,  
To strip my words as naked as my purpose,  
I must and will enjoy thee : gone already ?  
Look to her, bear her up, she goes apace,  
I fear'd this still, and therefore came provided,  
There's that will fetch life from a dying spark  
And make it spred a Furnace, she's well straight,  
Pish, let her go, she stands upon my knowledge,  
Or else she counterfeits, I know the vertue.

*Casf.* Never did sorrows in afflicted woman  
Meet with such cruelties, such hard hearted ways  
Humane invention never found before,  
To call back life to live is but ill taken  
By some departing Soul ; then to force mine back  
To an eternal act of death in lust,  
What is it, but most execrable ?

*Hor.* So, so ;

But this is from my business, list to me,  
Here you are now far from all hope of friendship,  
Save what you make in me, scape me you cannot,  
Send your Soul that assurance ; that resolv'd on,  
You know not who I am, nor ever shall,  
I need not fear you then ; but give consent,  
Then with the faithfulness of a true friend

I'le open my self to you, fall your servant,  
As I do now in hope, proud of submission,  
And seal the deed up with eternal secerie,  
Not death shall pluck it from me, much less the Kings  
Authority or torture.

*Vor.* I admire him.

*Cast.* Oh, Sir, what e're you are, I teach my knee  
Thus to require you, be content to take  
Only my sight, as ransom for my honour,  
And where you have but mock'd my eyes with darkness  
Pluck them quite out; all outward lights of body  
I'le spare most willingly, but take not from me  
That which must guide me to another world,  
And leave me dark for ever, fast without  
That cursed pleasure which will make two souls  
Endure a famine everlastingly.

*Hor.* This almost moves.

*Vor.* By this light he'le be taken.

*Hor.* I'le wrestle down all pity, what, will you consent?

*Cast.* I'le never be so guilty.

*Hor.* Farewell words then,  
You hear no more of me, but thus I seize you.

*Cast.* Oh if a power above be reverenc'd by thee,  
I bind thee by that name, by manhood, nobleness, *Vor.* snatches  
And all the charms of honour. *her away.*

*Hor.* Ah ha, here's one caught  
For an example, never was poor Lady  
So mock'd into false terror, with what anguish  
She lies with her own Lord? now she could curse  
All into barrenness, and beguil her self by it:  
Conceit's a powerful thing, and is indeed  
Plac'd as a palate to taste grief, or love,  
And as that relishes so we approve:  
Hence comes it that our taste is so beguyl'd,  
Changing pure blood for some that's mix'd and foil'd.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*



## ACT. 3. SCENA 3.

*Enter Hengist.*

*Heng.* A Fair and fortunate Constellation reign'd  
 When we set foot here, for from his first gift  
 (Which to a Kings unbounded eyes seem'd nothing)  
 The Compass of a Hide, I have erected  
 A strong and spacious Castle, yet contain'd my self  
 Within my limits, without check or censure.  
 Thither, with all th'obseruance of a Subject,  
 The liveliest witnes's of a grateful mind,  
 I purpose to invite him and his Queen  
 And feast them nobly.

*Bar.* We will enter, Sir,  
 'Tis a state busines's, of a twelve moneth long,  
 The chusing of a Mayor.

*Heng.* What noile is that?  
*Tay.* Sir, we must speak with the good Earl of Kent,  
 Though we were never brought up to keep a door,  
 We are as honest, Sir, as some that do. *Enter a Gentleman.*

*Heng.* Now, Sir, what's the occasion of their clamours?  
*Gen.* Please you, my Lord, a company of Towncl-men  
 Are bent against all denials and resistance  
 To have speech with your Lordship, and that you  
 Must end a difference, which none else can do.

*Heng.* Why then there's reason in their violence,  
 Which I ne're look'd for; first let in but one, *Exit Gentleman.*  
 And as we relish him the rest come on.  
 'Tis no safe wisdom in a rising man  
 To flight off such as these, nay rather these  
 Are the foundations of a lofty work,

We

We cannot build without them, and stand sure.

He that first ascends to a Mountains top

Must begin at the foot. Now, Sir, who comes ?

Enter Gen.

Gen. They cannot yet agree, my Lord, of that ;

They say 'tis worse now than it was before,

For where the difference was but between two,

Upon this coming first th'are all at odds ;

One says he shall lose his place in the Church by't,

Another will not do his wife that wrong,

And by their good wills they would all come first.

The strife continues in most heat, my Lord,

Between a Country Barber and a Taylour

Of the same Town, and which your Lordship names

'Tis yielded by consent that he shall enter.

Heng. Here's no sweet quoyl, I am glad they are so reasonable,

Call in the Barber, if the Tale be long

He'll cut it short I trust, that's all the hope ;

Enter Barber.

Now, Sir, are you the Barber ?

Bar. Oh most barbarous !

A Corrector of enormities in hair, my Lord,

A promoter of upper lips, or what your Lordship,

In the neatnes of your discretion, shall think fit to call me.

Heng. Very good, I see you have this without book,

But what's your busines ?

Bar. Your Lordslap comes to a very high point indeed,  
The busines, Sir, lies about the head.

Heng. That's work for you.

Bar. No, my good Lord, there is a Corporation,  
A Body, a kind of Body.

Heng. The Barber is out at the Body, let in the Taylour ;

This 'tis to reach beyond your own profession,

When you let go your head, you lose your memory :

You have no busines with the Body.

Bar. Yes, Sir,

I am a Barber-Chirurgeon, I have had something to do with it

In my time, my Lord, and I was never so out of the body

As I have been of late, send me good luck, I'll marry some whore

But I'll get in again.

Heng.

*Heng.* Now, Sir, a good discovery come from you.

*Tay.* I will rip up the Linings to your Lordship,  
And shew what stuff 'tis made of ; for the Body  
Or Corporation—

*Heng.* There the Barber left indeed.

*Tay.* 'Tis piec'd up of two fashions.

*Heng.* A patcht Town the whilest.

*Tay.* Nor can we go through stich, my noble Lord,  
The choler is so great in the one party.  
And as in linsey-woolsey wove together,  
One piece makes several suits, so, upright Earl,  
Our linsey-woolsey hearts make all this coyl.

*Heng.* What's all this now ? I am ne're the wiser yet, call in the  
Now, Sirs, what are you ?

(telt:

*Glo.* Sir, reverence on your Lordship,  
I am a Glover.

*Heng.* What needs that then ?

*Glo.* Sometimes I deal in dogs leather, Sir, reverence the while.

*Heng.* Well, to the purpose, if there be any towards.

*Glo.* I were an As else, saving your Lordships presence ;  
We have a Body, but our Town wants a hand,  
A hand of Justice, a worshipful Master Mayor:

*Heng.* This is well handled yet, a man may take some hold  
On it. You want a Mayor ?

*Glo.* Right, but there's two at fifty cuffs about it, Sir, as I may say  
At daggers drawing, but that I cannot say, because they have none ;  
And you being Earl of Kent, our Town does say  
Your Lordships voice shall part and end the fray.

*Heng.* This is strange work for me, well Sir, what be they ?

*Glo.* The one is a Tanner.

*Heng.* Fye, I shall be too partial, I owe too much affection to that Trade  
To put it to my voice ; what is his name ?

*Glo.* Symon.

*Heng.* How Symon too ?

*Glo.* Nay 'tis but Symon one, Sir,  
The very same Symon that sold your Lordship a Hide.

*Heng.* What sayest thou ?

*Glo.*

*Glo.* That's all his glory, Sir, he got his Masters  
Widow by it presently, a rich Tanners wife, she has set him up,  
He was her Fore-man a long time in her other husbands days.

*Heng.* Now let me perish in my first aspiring  
If the pratty simplicity of his fortune  
Do not most highly take me, 'tis a presage, methinks,  
Of bright succeeding happiness to mine  
When my Fates Gloworm casts forth such a shaine.  
And what are those that do contend with him?

*Tay.* Marry, my noble Lord, a Fustian Weaver.

*Heng.* How, he offer  
To compare with *Symon* ! he a fit match for him !

*Bar.* Hark, hark, my Lord, here they come both in a pelting chafe  
From the Town-house.

*Sym.* How, before me ? I scorn thee,  
Thou wattle-fac'd sing'd Pig.

*Oliver.* Pig ? I defie thee,  
My Uncle was a Jew, and scorn'd the motion.

*Sym.* I list not brook thy vaunts, compare with me ?  
Thou Spindle of Concupisence, 'tis well known  
Thy first wife was a Flax-wench.

*Ol.* But such a Flax-wench  
Would I might never want at my need, nor any friend of mine,  
My Neighbours knew her, thy wife was but a hempen halter to her.

*Sym.* Use better words, I'll hang thee in my year else,  
Let who will chuse thee afterwards.

*Glo.* Peace for shame,  
Quench your great spirit, do not you see his Lordship ?

*Heng.* What, Master *Symonides* ?

*Sym.* Symo ides ?  
What a fair name hath he made of *Symon* !  
Then he's an As that calls me *Symon* again,  
I am quite out of love with it.

*Heng.* Give me thy hand,  
I love thy fortunes, and like a man that thrives.

*Sym.* I took a widow, my Lord,  
To be the best piece of ground to thrive on,  
And by my faith, my Lord, there's a young *Symonides*,

Like a green Onyon, peeping up already.

*Heng.* Th'half a good lucky hand.

*Sym.* I have somewhat, Sir.

*Heng.* But why to me is this election offer'd ?  
The chusing of a Mayot goes by most voices.

*Sym.* True, Sir, but most of our Towns-men are so hoarse  
With drinking, there's not a good voice among them a'l.

*Heng.* Are you content to put it to all these then ?  
To whom I liberally resign my Interest  
To prevent censures.

*Sym.* I speak first, my Lord.

*Ol.* Though I speak last, my Lord, I am not least,  
If they will cast away a Town-born Child, they may,  
It is but dying some forty years before my time.

*Heng.* I leave you to your choice awhile.

*Exit.*

*All.* Your good Lordship.

*Sym.* Look you Neighbours, before you be too hasty, let Oliver  
The Fustian-Weaver, stand as fair as I do, and the Devil  
Do him good on't.

*Ol.* I do, thou upstart Callymoocher, I do,  
'Tis well known to the Parish I have been twice Ale-Cunner,  
Thou mushroom, that shot it up in a night,  
By lying with thy Mistress.

*Sym.* Faith thou art such a spiny Baldrib,  
All the Mistresses in the Town will never get thee up.

*Ol.* I scorn to rise by a woman, as thou didst,  
My Wife shall rise by me.

*Glo.* I pray leave your Communication,  
We can do nothing else.

*Ol.* I gave that Barber a Fustian-Suit,  
And twice redeem'd his Cittern, he may remember me.

*Sym.* I fear no false measure but in that Taylor,  
The Glover and the Button-maker are both cock-sure ;  
That Colliers eye I like not :  
Now they consult, the matter is in brewing,  
Poor Gill my wife lies longing for the news,  
'Twill make her a glad Mother.

*All.* A Symon, a Symon.

*Symon.*

*Sym.* Good people I thank you all.

*Ol.* Wretch that I am,

Tanner, thou hast curried favour.

*Sym.* I curse, I defie thy Fustian fume.

*Ol.* But I will prove a Rebel all thy year

And raise up the seven deadly sins against thee.

*Exit.*

*Sym.* The deadly sins will scorn to rise by thee,

If they have any breeding,

As commonly they are well brought up, 'tis not for every scab  
To be acquainted with them ; but leaving the scab, to you good  
Neighbours now I bend my speech. First, to say more than a man  
Can say, I hold it not fit to be spoken ; but to say what a man  
Ought to say, there I leave you also. I must confess your loves  
Have chosen a weak and unlearned man ; that I can neither write  
Nor read you all can witness; yet not altogether so unlearned, but I  
Can set my mark to a Bond, if I would be so simple ; an excellent  
Token of Government. Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done  
You know not what, there's a full point. There you must all  
Cough and hem.

*Here they all cough and hem.*

Now touching our common adversary the Fustian-Weaver,

Who threatens he will raise the deadly sins among us,

Let them come, our Town is big enough to hold them,

We will not so much disgrace it ; besides you know

A deadly sin will lie in a narrow hole ; but when they think

Themselves safest, and the web of their iniquity best woven,

With the horse-strength of my Justice I will break through the

Loom of their concupiscence, and make the Weaver go seek his

Shuttle. Here you may cough and hem again, if you'd do me the

Favour.

*They cough and hem again.*

Why I thank you all, and it shall not go unrewarded.

Now for the deadly sins, Pride, Sloth, Envy, Wrath ; as for

Coverousness and Gluttony, I'll tell you more when I come

Out of my Office ; I shall have time to try what they are,

I will prove them soundly, and if I find Gluttony and Coverousness

To be directly sins, I'll bury the one in the bottom of a Chest,

And the other in the end of my Garden. But Sirs, for Leachery,

I'll tickle that home my self, I'll not leave a Whore in the Town.

*Baw.* Some of your Neighbours must seek their

Wives in the Country then.

*Sym.* Barber, be silent, I will  
Cut thy Comb else. To conclude, I will learn the villany of  
All Trades, my own I know already ; if there be any knavery  
In the Baker, I will bout it out ; if in the Brewer, I will taste him  
Throughly, andpis out his iniquity at his own suck-hole :  
In a word, I will knock down all enormities like a Butcher,  
And send the Hide to my fellow Tanners.

*All.* A Symonides, a true Symonides indeed. Enter Hengist

*Heng.* How now, how goes your choice ? and Roxena.

*Tay.* This is he, my Lord.

*Sym.* To prove I am the man, I am bold to take  
The upper hand of your Lordship :

I'll not lose an inch of my honour.

*Heng.* Hold Sirs, there's some few Crowns to mend your feast,  
Because I like your choice.

*Bar.* Joy bless you, Sir,  
We'll drink your health with Trumpets.

*Sym.* I with Sack-butts,  
That's the more solemn drinking for my state,  
No malt this year shall fume into my pate. Exit cum suis.

*Heng.* Continue still that favour in his love.

*Rox.* Nay with encrease, my Lord, the flame grows greater,  
Though he has learn'd a better art of late

To set a skreen before it.

*Heng.* Speak lower. Enter Vortiger

*Her.* Heard every word, my Lord. and Horius.

*Vor.* Plainly ?

*Hor.* Distinctly ;

The course I took was dangerous, but not failing,  
For I convey'd my self behind the Hangings  
Eveh just before his entrance.

*Vor.* 'Twas well ventur'd.

*Hor.* I had such a womans first and second longing in me  
To hear her how she would bear her mock'd abuse  
After she was return'd to privacy,  
I could have fasted out an Ember-week,  
And never thought of hunger, to have heard her;

Then

Then came your holy *Lupus* and *Germanus*.

*Vor.* Two holy Confesso's.

*Hor.* At whose first sight

I could perceive her fall upon her breast  
And cruelly afflict her self with sorrow ;  
I never heard a sigh till I heard hers,  
Who after her Confession pitying her,  
Put her into a way of patience,  
Which now she holds, to keep it hid from you,  
There's all the pleasure that I took in't now,  
When I heard that my pains was well remembred.  
So with applying comforts and relief,  
They have brought it lower, to an easie grief.  
But yet the taste is not quite gone.

*Vor.* Still fortune

Sits bettering our Inventions.

*Enter* Castiz.

*Hor.* Here she comes.

*Cast.* Yonder's my Lord, oh I'le return again,  
Methinks I should not dare to look on him.

*Hor.* She's gone again.

*Vor.* It works the kindlier, Sir,  
Go now and call her back, she winds her self  
Into the snare so prettily, 'tis a pleasure  
To set toils for her.

*Cast.* He may read my shame  
Now in my blush.

*Vor.* Come y'are so link'd to holiness,  
So ta'ne with contemplative desires,  
That the world has you, yet enjoys you not ;  
You have been weeping too.

*Cast.* Not I, my Lord.

*Vor.* Trust me I fear you have, y'are much to blame  
To yield so much to passion without cause.  
Is not some time enough for meditation ?  
Must it lay title to your health and beauty,  
And draw th: m into times consumption too ?  
'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.  
My Lord of Kent ? I prithee wake him, Captain,

He reads himself asleep sure.

*Hor.* My Lord?

*Vor.* Nay,

I'le take away your Book and bestow't here.

*Heng.* Your pardon, Sir.

*Vor.* Lady, you that delight in Virgins stories,  
And all chaff works, here's excellent reading for you ;  
Make of that Book as made men do of favours,  
Which they grow fick to part from. And now, my Lord,  
You that have so concitedly gone beyond me,  
And made so large use of a slender gift,  
Which we ne're minded ; I commend your thirst.  
And that your Building may to a'l Ages  
Carry the stamp and impreis of your wit,  
It shall be call'd *Thong-Castle*.

*Heng.* How? my Lord,  
*Thong-Castle*! there your Grace quits me kindly.

*Vor.* 'Tis fit Art should be known by its right name,  
You that can spread my gift, I'le spread your fame.

*Heng.* I thank your Grace for that.

*Vor.* And loved Lord,  
So well we do accept your Invitation,  
With all speed we're set forwards.

*Heng.* Your Honour loves me.

*Exit.*

*Actus*

ACT. 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Symon and all his Brethren, a Mace and Sword before him, meeting Vortiger, Caftiza, Hengist, Roxena, Horsus, two Ladies.

*Sym.* O I, the Mayor of Quinborough by name,  
With all my Brethren, saving one that's lame,  
Are come as fast as fiery Mill-horse gallops  
To greet thy Grace, thy Queen and her fair Trollops.  
For reason of our coming do not look,  
It must be done, I find it i'th' Town-book ;  
And yet not I my self, I cannot read,  
I keep a Clark to do those jobbs for need.  
And now expect a rare conceit before *Thong-Castile* see thee ;  
Reach me the thing to give the King, the other too I prithee :  
Now here they be for Queen and thee, the gift all steel & leather ;  
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they come together :  
To shew two Loves must joyn in one, our Town presents by me  
This gilded Scabberd to the Queen, this Dagger unto thee.

*Vor.* Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties,  
I hate them, as I do the roots of your  
Inconstant Rabble, I have felt your fits,  
Sheath up your Bounties with your Iron wits. *Exit cum sociis.*

*Sym.* Look Sirs, is his back turn'd ?

*All.* It is, it is.

*Sym.* Then bless the good Earl of Kent, say I,  
I'le have this Dagger turn'd into a Pye,  
And eaten up for anger every bit on't,  
And when this pye shall be cut up by some rare cunning Pye-man,  
They shall full lamentably sing, Put up thy Dagger *Symon.* *Ex.*

*Actus*



## ACT. 4. SCENA 2.

Enter *Hengist, Horsus, Vortiger, Devonshire, Stafford, Castile, Roxena, Ladies.*

*Heng.* **A** Welcome (mighty Lord) may appear costlier,  
More full of toil and talk, shew and conceit,  
But one more stor'd with thankful love and truth  
I forbid all the sons of men to boast of.

*Vor.* Why, there's a Fabrick that implies eternity,  
The building plain, but most substantial ;  
Methinks it looks as if it mock'd all ruine,  
Saving that Master-piece of Consummation,  
The end of time, which must consume even ruine,  
And eat that into Cinders.

*Heng.* There's no bras  
Would pass your praise, my Lord, 'twould last beyond it,  
And shame our durablest metal.

*Vor. Horsus!*

*Hor. My Lord!*

*Vor.* This is the time I have chosen ; here's a full meeting,  
And here will I disgrace her.

*Hor.* 'Twill be sharp, my Lord.

*Vor.* Oh 'twill be best.

*Hor.* Why here's the Earl her Father.

*Vor.* I and the Lord her Uncle, that's the height of it,  
Invited both on purpose, to rise sick  
Full of shames surfeit.

*Hor.* And that's shrewd b'er lady,  
It ever sticks close to the ribs of honour ;  
Great men are never found men after it,  
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,

Which

# The Mayor of Quinborough.

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Which their posterity feels at every weather.

*Vor.* Mark but the least presentment of occasion,  
As these times yield enough, and then mark me:

*Hor.* My obseruance is all yours, you know't, my Lord ;  
What careful ways some take to abuse themselves !

But as there be Assurers of mens Goods

\*Gainst storms or Pirates, which gives Adventurers Courage,  
So such there must be to make up mans theft,  
Or there would be no woman Venturer left.

See, now they find their seats, what a false knot  
Of Amity he tyes aboue her Arm,  
Which rage must part ? in marriage 'tis no wonder,  
Knots knit with kisses oft are broke with thunder.  
Musick ? then I have done, I always learn  
To give my betters place.

*Vor.* Where's Captain *Horsus* ?  
Sit, sit, we've have a health anon to all good services.

*Hor.* Th' y are poor in these days, th' had rather have the Carp  
Then the health ; he hears me not,  
And most great men are deaf on that side.

*Vor.* My Lord of Kent, I thank you for this welcome,  
It came unthought of in the sweetest Language  
That ever my soul relish'd.

*Heng.* You are pleas'd, my Lord,  
To raire my happiness for slight deserving's,  
To shew what power's in Princes; not in us  
Ought worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.  
I am chiefly sad, my Lord, your Queen's not merry.

*Vor.* So honour bless me, he has found the way  
To my grief strangely. Is there no delight — — —

*Cast.* My Lord, I wish not any, nor is't needful,  
I am as I was ever.

*Vor.* That's not so.

*Cast.* How ? oh my fears !

*Vor.* When she writ Maid, my Lord,  
You knew her otherwise.

*Devon.* To speak but truth,  
I never knew her a great friend to mirth,

G

Nor

Nor taken much with any one delight,  
Though there be many seemly and honourable  
To give content to Ladies without taxing.

*Vor.* My Lord of *Kent*, this to thy full deserts,  
Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.

*Heng.* Which, like a river, shall return in service  
To the great Master-Fountain.

*Vor.* Where's your Lord?  
I mis'd him: not till now; Lady, and yours?  
No marvel then we were so out of the way  
Of all pleasant discourse; they are the keys  
Of humane Musick, sure at their Nativities  
Great Nature sign'd a general Patent to them  
To take up all the mirth in a whole Kingdome.  
What's their employment now?

*1 Lad.* May it please your Grace,  
We never are so far acquainted with them,  
Nothing we know but what they cannot keep,  
That's even the fashion of them all, my Lord.

*Vor.* It seems y'have great thought in their constancies,  
And they in yours, you dare so trust each other.

*2 Lad.* Hope well we do, my Lord, we have reason for it,  
Because they say brown men are honestest,  
But she's a fool will swear for any colour.

*Vor.* They would for yours.  
*2 Lad.* Truth 'tis a doubtful question,  
And I'd be loth to put mine to't my Lord.

*Vor.* F'ith dare you swear for your selves? that's a plain question,  
*2 Lad.* My Lord?

*Vor.* You cannot deny that with honour,  
And since 'tis urg'd, I'll put you to't in troth.

*1 Lad.* May it please your Grace?  
*Vor.* 'Twould please me very well,  
And here's a Book, mine never goes without one,  
She's an example to you all for purity;  
Come swear (I have sworn you shall) that you ne're knew  
The will of any man, besides your husbands.

*2 Lad.* I'll swear, my Lord, as far as my remembrance.

*Vor.*

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*Vor.* How? your remembrance! that were strange.

*1 Lad.* Your Grace

Hearing out just excuse, will not say so.

*Vor.* Well, what's your just excuse? y'are ne're without some.

*1 Lad.* I am often taken with a sleep, my Lord,

The loudest thunder cannot waken me,

Not if a Cannons burthen be discharg'd

Close by my ear; the more may be my wrong,

There can be no infirmity, my Lord, more excusable in any woman.

*2 Lad.* And I am so troubled with the Mother too,

I have often call'd in help, I know not whom,

Three at once have been too weak to keep me down.

*Vor.* I perceive there's no fastening: well fare one then

That never deceives faiths Anchor of her hold,

Come at all seasons. Here, be thou the Star

To guide those erring women, shew the way

Which I will make them follow: why do'st start,

Draw back, and look so pale?

*Cast.* My Lord?

*Vor.* Come hither,

Nothing but take that Oath; thou'l take a thousand,

A thousand! Nay a Million, or as many

As there be Angels Registers of Oaths.

Why look thee, over-fearful Chastity,

(That sinn'd in nothing but in too much niceness)

I'le begin first, and swear for thee my self,

I know thee a perfection so unstain'd,

So sure, so absolute, I will not pant on it,

But catch time greedily. By all those blessings

That blow truth into fruitfulness, and those curses

That with their barren breaths blast perjury,

Thou art as pure as Sanctities best shrine

From all mans mixture, save what's lawful mine.

*Cast.* Oh Heaven forgive him, he has forsworn himself.

*Vor.* Come, 'tis but going now my way:

*Cast.* That's bad enough.

*Vor.* I have clear'd all doubts you see.

*Cast.* Good my Lord spare me.

G 2

*Vor.*

*Vor.* How? it grows later then so, for modesties sake  
Make more speed this way.

*Cast.* Pardon me, my Lord,  
I cannot.

*Vor.* What?

*Cast.* I dare not.

*Vor.* Fail all confidence in thy weak kind for ever.

*Devon.* Here's a storm

Able to make all of our name inhumid,  
And raise them from their sleeps of peace and fame  
To set the honours of their blouds right here  
Hundred years after; a perpetual motion  
Has their true glory been from seed to seed,  
And cannot be choakt now with a poor grain  
Of dust and earth, her Uncle and my self  
Wild in this tempest, as ever robb'd mans peace,  
Will undertake upon lifes deprivation  
She shall accept this oath.

*Vor.* You do but call me then  
Into a world of more despair and horrour ;  
Yet since so wilfully you stand engag'd  
In high scorn to be touch'd, with expedition  
Perfect your undertakings with your fames,  
Or by the Issues of abus'd belief  
I'll take the forfeit of Lives, Lands, and Honours,  
And make one ruine serve our joys and yours.

*Cast.* Why here's a height of miseries never reach'd yet,  
I lose my self and others.

*Devon.* You may see  
How much we lay in Ballance with your goodness,  
And had we more, it went ; for we presume  
You cannot be religious and so yile.

*Cast.* As to forswear my self, 'tis truth, great Sir,  
The honour of your Bed hath been abus'd.

*Vor.* Oh beyond patience !

*Cast.* But give me hearing, Sir,  
'Twas far from my consent, I was surpriz'd  
By Villaines, and so raught,

*Vor.*

*Vor.* Hear you that, Sirs ?  
Oh cunning texture to inclose Adultery !  
Mark but what subtle veil her sin puts on,  
Religion brings her to confession first,  
Then steps in Art to sanctifie that lust.  
'Tis likely you could be surpriz'd.

*Cast.* My Lord !

*Vor.* I'le hear no more, our Guard, seize on those Lords :

*Devon.* We cannot perish now too fast, make speed  
To swift destruction ; he breathes most accurst  
That lives so long to see his name dye first.

*Hor.* Here's no dear villany !

*Heng.* Let him intreat, Sir,  
That falls in saddest grief for this event,  
Which ill begins the fortune of this Building, my Lord.

*Rex.* What if he should cause me to swear too, Captain ?  
You know I am as far to seek in honesty  
As the worst here can be ; I should be sham'd too.

*Hor.* Why, fool, they swear by that we worship not,  
So you may swear your heart out, and ne're hurt your self.

*Rex.* That was well thought on, I had quite lost my self else.  
*Vor.* You shall prevail in noble suits, my Lord,  
But this does shame the speaker.

*Hor.* I'le step in now,  
Though it shall be to no purpose ; good my Lord  
Think on your noble and most hopeful Issue  
Lord *Vortimer*, the Prince.

*Vor.* A Bastard, Sir,  
I would his life were in my fury now.

*Cast.* That injury stirs my Soul to speak the truth  
Of his conception ; here I take the Book, my Lord :  
By all the glorified rewards of Virtue  
And prepared punishments for consents in sin,  
A Queen's hard sorrow ne're supplyed a Kingdom  
With Issue more legitimate then *Vortimer*.

*Vor.* This takes not out the stain of present shame,  
Continuance crowns desert, she ne're can go  
For perfect honest that's not always so.

Beshrew

Beshrue thy heart for urging this excuse,  
Th'haſt justified her ſomewhat.

*Hor.* To ſmall purpoſe.

*Vor.* Among ſo many women not one here  
Dare ſwear a ſimple Chriftiſty ! here's an *Age*  
To propagate vertue in : ſince I have begun,  
I'le shame you all together, and ſo leave you.  
My Lord of *Kem* !

*Heng.* Your Highneſs ?

*Vor.* That's your Daughter ?

*Heng.* Yes my good Lord.

*Vor.* Though I am your Guest to day,  
And ſhould be leſs aſtere to you or yours,  
In this caſe pardon me, I may not ſpare her.

*Heng.* Then her own goodneſs friend her ; ſhe comes my Lord.

*Vor.* The tender reputation of a Maid  
Makes your honour, or elſe nothing can ;  
The oath you take is not for truth to man,  
But to your own white ſoul, a mighty Task ;  
What dare you do in this ?

*Rox.* My Lord, as much  
As Chriftiſty can put a woman to,  
I ask no favour ; and t'approve the purity  
Of what my habit and my time profeffeth,  
As likewife to require all courteous ceniure,  
Here I take oath I am as free from man  
As truth from falſhood, or sanctity from stain.

*Vor.* Oh thou treasure that ravifhes the poſſeffor !  
I know not where to ſpeed ſo well again,  
I'le keep thee while I have thee ; here's a Fountain  
To ſpring forth Princes, and the ſeeds of Kingdoms. (pledges,  
Away with that infection of black honour, and thofe her leprous  
Here will we ſtore ſuſceſſion with true peace, Exeunt all  
And of pure Virgins grace the poor increafe. but Horſius.

*Hor.* Ha ha, he's well provided now, here ſtruk my fortunes.  
With what an impudent confidence ſhe ſwore honest,  
Having th'advantage of the Oath ! Precious Whore.  
Methinks I ſhould not hear from fortune next

Under

Under an Earldom now ; she cannot spend  
A night so idly, but to make a Lord  
With ease methinks and play : the Earl of Kent  
Is calm and smooth, like a deep dangerous water ;  
He has some secret way, I know his bloud,  
The grave's not greedier, nor Hells Lord more proud.  
Something will hap ; for this astonishing choice  
Strikes pale the Kingdom, at which I rejoice.

Exit.

Dumb show. Enter Lupus, Germanus, Devonshire, and Stafford, leading Vortimer, and Crown him : Vortiger comes to them in passion, they neglect him. Enter Roxena in fury expressing discontent, then they lead out Vortimer ; Roxena gives two Villains gold to murther him, they swear performance and go with her : Vortiger offers to run on his sword, Horstus prevents him, and persuades him ; the Lords bring in Vortimer dead ; Vortiger moans and submits to them, they swear him, and Crown him. Then Enters Hengist with Saxons, Vortiger draws, threatens expulsion, and then sends a Parley, which Hengist seems to grant by laying down his weapons ; so all depart severally.

Enter Raynulphus.

Ray. Of Pagan blood a Queen being chose,  
Roxena hight, the Britains rose  
For Vortimer, and crown'd him King,  
But she soon poyson'd that sweet Spring.  
Then unto Rule they did restore  
Vortiger, and him they swore  
Against the Saxons ; they (constrain'd)  
Begg'd Peace, Treaty, and obtain'd ;  
And now in numbers equally  
Upon the Plain neer Salisbury,  
A peaceful meeting they decreeen  
Like men of love, no Weapon seen.

But

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But *Hengift*, that ambitious Lord,  
Full of guil, corrupts his word,  
As the sequel too well proves ;  
On that your eyes, on us your loves.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hengift with Saxons.*

*Heng.* If we let slip this opportuneful hour,  
Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought  
Of ever fixing ; we are loose at root,  
And the least storm may rend us from the bosom  
Of this Lands hopes for ever. But, dear Saxons,  
Fasten we now, and our unshaken firmness  
Will endure after Ages.

*Sax.* We are resolv'd, my Lord.

*Heng.* Observe you not how *Vortiger* the King,  
Base in submission, threatned our expulsion,  
His arm held up against us ? Is it not time  
To make our belt prevention ? what should check me ?  
He has perfected that great work in our Daughter,  
And made her Queen, she can ascend no higher,  
Therefore be quick, dispatch; here, every man  
Receive into the service of his Vengeance  
An instrument of Steel, which will unfeen  
Lurk like a snake under the innocent shade  
Of a spred Summer-leaf, there fly you on,  
Take heart, the Commons love us, those remov'd  
That are the nerves, our greatnes stands improv'd.

*Sax.* Give us the word, my Lord, and we are perfect.

*Heng.* That's true, the word, I lose my self. *Nemp your Sexes.*  
It shall be that.

*Sax.* Enough Sir, then we strike.

*Heng.* But the King's mine, take heed you touch him not.

*Sax.* We shall not be at leisure, never fear it,  
We shall have work enough of our own, my Lord. *Enter Vortiger*

*Heng.* Calm looks but stormy souls possest you all. *and British*

*Vor.* We see you keep your words in all points firm. *Lords.*

*Heng.* No longer may we boast of so much breath

*As*

As goes to a words making, then of care  
In the preserving of it, when 'tis made.

*Vor.* Y'are in a vertuous way, my Lord of *Kent*,  
And since both sides are met like Sons of peace,  
All other arms laid by in signs of fayour  
If our conditions be embrac'd.

*Heng.* They are:

*Vor.* We'le use no other but these only here:

*Heng.* Nempe your Sexes:

*Brit.* Treason, treason !

*Heng.* Follow it to the heart, my trusty Saxons,  
It is your liberty, your wealth and honour. Soft, you are mine, my  
*Vor.* Take me not basely, when all fence & strength (Lord.  
Lies bound up in amazement at this treachery.

What Devil hath breath'd this everlasting part  
Of falsehood into thee ?

*Heng.* Let it suffice,  
I have you, and will hold you Prisoner,  
As fast as death holds your best props in silence :  
We know the hard conditions of our peace,  
Slavery or diminution, which we hate  
With a joyn't loathing : may all perish thus  
That seek to subjugate or lessen us.

*Vor.* Oh the strange nooks of guil or subtily,  
When man so cunningly lyes hid from man !  
Who could expect such treason from thy breast,  
Such thunder from thy voice ? or takest thou pride  
To imitate the fair uncertainty  
Of a bright day, that teemes a sudden storm,  
When the world least expects one ? but of all  
I'lc ne're trust fair skie in a man again,  
There's the deceitful weather ; will you heap  
More guilt upon you, by detaining me,  
Like a Cup taken after a sore surfeit  
Even in contempt of health and heaven together ?  
What seek you ?

*Heng.* Ransom for your Liberty  
As I shall like of, or you ne're obtain it.

*Vor.* Here's a most headlong dangerous ambition,  
Sow you the seeds of your aspiring hopes  
In blood and treason, and must I pay for them?

*Heng.* Have not I rais'd you to this height of pride?  
A work of my own merit, since you enforce it.

*Vor.* There's even the general thanks of all Aspirers,  
When they have all a Kingdom can impart,  
They write above it still their own desert.

*Heng.* I have writ mine true, my Lord.

*Vor.* That's all their sayings.  
Have not I rais'd thy daughter to a Queen?

*Heng.* You have the harmony of your pleasure for it,  
You Crown your own desires, what's that to me?

*Vor.* And what will Crown yours, Sir?

*Heng.* Faith things of reason,  
I demand Kent.

*Vor.* Why y'have the Earldom of it.

*Heng.* The Kingdom of't I mean, without controul,  
In full possession.

*Vor.* This is strange in you.

*Heng.* It seems y'are not acquainted with my blood  
To call this strange.

*Vor.* Never was King of Kent  
But who was general King.

*Heng.* I'le be the first then,  
Every thing has beginning.

*Vor.* No less Title?

*Heng.* Not if you hope for liberty, my Lord.  
So dear a happiness would not be wrong'd with slighting.

*Vor.* Very well, take it, I resign it.

*Heng.* Why I thank your Grace.

*Vor.* Is your great thirst yet satisfied?

*Heng.* Faith, my Lord,  
There's yet behind a pair of teeming Sisters,  
Norfolk and Suffolk, and I have done with you.

*Vor.* Y'have got a dangerous thirst of late, my Lord,  
How e're you came by it.

*Heng.* It behoves me then

For my blouds health to seek all means to quench it.

*Vor.* Them too?

*Heng.* There will nothing be abated, I assure you.

*Vor.* You have me at advantage, he whom fate  
Does captivate must yield to all; take them.

*Heng.* And you your liberty and peace, my Lord,  
With our best love and wishes. Here's an hour  
Begins us Saxons in wealth, fame, and power. *Exit cum suis.*

*Vor.* Are these the noblest fruits and fairest requitals  
From works of our own raising?

Methinks the murther of *Constantius*  
Speaks to me in the voice of it, and the wrongs  
Of our late Queen, slipp'd both into one Organ. *Enter Horfus.*  
Ambition, hell, my own undoing, lust,  
And all the brood of Plagues conspire against me.  
I have not a friend left me.

*Hor.* My Lord, he dyes  
That says it but your self, were't that Thief-King  
That has so boldly stoln his honours from you,  
A treason that wrings tears from honest Man-hood.

*Vor.* So rich am I now in thy love and pity  
I feel no loss at all; but we must part,  
My Queen and I to *Cambria*.

*Hor.* My Lord, and I not nam'd,  
That have vow'd lasting service to my lives extreameſt minute?

*Vor.* Is my ſick fate bleſt with ſo pure a friend?

*Hor.* My Lord, no ſpace of Earth, nor breadth of Sea  
Shall diuid me from you.

*Vor.* Oh faithful treasure!  
All my lost happiness is made up in thee. *Exit.*

*Hor.* I'le follow you through the world, to cuckold you,  
That's my way now; every one has his Toy  
While he lives here; ſome men delight in Building,  
A trick of *Babel*, which will ne're be left;  
Some in consuming what was rais'd with toiling,  
*Hengift* in getting honour, I in spoiling. *Exit.*



## ACT. 5. SCENA 1.

*Enter Symon and his Brethren, Aminadab his Clerk.*

*Sym.* Is not that Rebel *Oliver*, that Traitor to my year,  
Prehended yet?

*Ami.* Not yet, so please your Wo:ship.

*Sym.* Not yet say'it thou? how durst thou say, not yet,  
And see me present? thou malapert, that art good for nothing  
But to write and read. Is his Loom seiz'd upon?

*Ami.* Yes, if it like your Worship, and 16 yards of Fustian.

*Sym.* Good, let a yard be sav'd to mend me between the Legs,  
The rest cut in pieces and given to the poor,  
'Tis Heretick Fustian, and should be burnt indeed,  
But being worn thred-bare the shame will be as great,  
How think you Neighbours?

*Glo.* Greater methinks the longer it is wore,  
Where being once burnt it can be burnt no more.

*Sym.* True, wife and most senseless. How now, Sirra, *Enter a*  
What's he approaching here in dusty pumps? *Footman.*

*Ami.* A Footman, Sir, to the great King of Kent.

*Sym.* The King of Kent? shake him by the hand for me,  
Th'art welcome, Footman, loe, my Deputy shakes thee,  
Come when my year is out, I'le doe't my self.  
If 'twere a Dog that came from the King of Kent,  
I keep those Officers would shake him, I trow.  
And what's the News with thee, thou weil stew'd Footman?

*Foot.* The King my Master—

*Sym.* Ha?

*Foot.* With a few Saxons,  
Intends this night to make merry with you.

*Sym.* Merry with me? I should be sorry else, fellow,

And

And take it in ill part, so tell Kents King.  
Why was I chosen, but that great men should make  
Merry with me ? there is a jest indeed ;  
Tell him, I lookt fort'c, and me much he wrongs,  
If he forget Sym that cut out his thongs.

Foot. I'le run with your Worships answser.

Exit.

Sym. Do I prthee ;  
That fellow will be rosted against supper,  
He's half enough already, his Brows bite him,  
The King of Kent ! the King of Kirsendome  
Shall not be better welcome ; for you must imagine now, Neigh-  
This is the time when Kent stands out of Kirsendome, (hours,  
For he that's King here now, was never kirsen'd ;  
This for your more Instruction I thought fit,  
That when you are dead you may teach your Children wit.

Cerk !

Ami. At your Worships elbow.

Sym. I must turn you.  
From the Hall to the Kitchin to night. Give order that 12 Pigs be  
Rosted yellow ; 9 Geefe, and some 3 Larks for piddling meat ;  
And twenty Woodcocks, I'le bid all my Neighbours ;  
Give charge the mutton come in all bloud-raw, that is Infidels meat,  
The King of Kent is a Pagan, and must be serv'd so.  
And let those Officers that seldom, or never go to Church  
Bring it in, 'twill be the better taken. Run, run, come you hither  
Now, take all my Cushions down and thwack them soundly,  
After my Feast of Millers ; for their Buttocks  
Have left a peck of flower in them, beat them carefully  
Over a bolting hutch, there will be enough  
For a Pan-pudding, as your Dame will handle it.  
Then put fresh water into both the Bough-pots,  
And burn a little Juniper in the Hall-Chimney,  
Like a beast as I was, I pist out the fire last night,  
And never dreamt of the Kings coming. How now,  
Returned so quickly ?

Ami. Please your Worship here are  
A certain Company of Players.

Sym. Ha, Players !

Amin.

*Ami.* Country Comedians, Interluders, Sir,  
Desire your Worships favour,  
And leave to enact in the Town-Hall.

*Sym.* In the Town-Hall ?  
'Tis ten to one I never grant them that ;  
Call them before my Worship. *Enter Cheaters.*  
If my house will not serve their turn, I would fain see  
The proudest he lend them a bairn :  
Now, Sirs, are you Comedians ?

*2 Cheat.* We are Sir, Comedians, Tragedians,  
Tragi-Comedians, Comi-Tragedians, Pastorists,  
Humorists, Clownists, Satyrists ; we have them Sir,  
From the hug to the smile, from the smile to the laugh,  
From the laugh to the handkerchief.

*Sym.* Y'are very strong in the wrist methinks ;  
And must all these good parts be cast away  
Upon Pedlers, and Malt-men, ha ?

*1 Cheat.* For want of better company, if it please your Worship.

*Sym.* What think you of me my Masters ?  
Hun ; have you audacity enough  
To play before so high a person as my self ? will not  
My countenance daunt you ? for if you play before me  
I shall often look on you, I give you that warning before hand,  
Take it not ill my Masters, I shall laugh at you,  
And truly when I am least offended with you ;  
It is my humour, but be not you abash'd.

*1 Cheat.* Sir, we have plaid before a Lord e're now,  
Though we be Country Actors.

*Sym.* A Lord ? ha, ha,  
Thou'l find it a harder thing to please a Mayor.

*2 Cheat.* We have a Play whet'rn we use a horse.

*Sym.* Fellows, you use no horse-play in my house,  
My rooms are rubb'd, keep it for Hackney-men.

*1 Cheat.* We'e not offer it to your Worship.

*Sym.* Give me a Play without a Beast, I charge you.

*2 Cheat.* That's hard, without a Cuckold or a Drunkard ?

*Sym.* Oh those Beasts are often the best men in a Parish,  
And must not be kept out. But which is your merriest play ?

That

That I would hearken after.

2 *Cheat*, Your Worship shall hear  
Their names, and take your Choice.

*Sym.* And that's plain dealing. Come begin, Sir.

2 *Cheat*. The Whirligig, the Whibble, the Carwidgen.

*Sym.* Hey day, what names are these !

2 *Cheat*. New names of late.

The Wild-goose Chase.

*Sym.* I understand thee now.

2 *Cheat*. Gull upon Gull.

*Sym.* Why this is somewhat yer.

1 *Cheat*. Woodcock of our fide.

*Sym.* Get thee further off then.

2 *Cheat*. The Cheater and the Clown.

*Sym.* Is that come up again ?

That was a Play when I was Prentice first.

2 *Cheat*. I, but the Cheater has learn'd more tricks of late,  
And gulls the Clown with new additions.

*Sym.* Then is your Clown a Coxcomb, which is he ?

1 *Cheat*. This is our Clown, Sir.

*Sym.* Fye, fye, your Company

Mult fall upon him and beat him, he's too fair y'faith

To make the people laugh:

1 *Cheat*. Not as he may be dreft, Sir.

*Sym.* Faith dres him how you will, I'le give him that gift  
He will never look half scurvily enough.

Oh the Clowns that I have seen in my time !

The very peeping out of one of them would have made  
A young heir laugh, though his Father lay a dying ;  
A man undone in Law the day before (the saddest case that can be)  
Might for his 2<sup>d</sup> have burst himself with laughing,

And ended all his miseries. Here was a merry world, my Masters !  
Some talk of things of State, of puling stuff ;

There's nothing in a Play to a Clown,  
If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing indeed,  
The King shews well, but he sets off the King ;  
But not the King of Kent, I mean not so,

The King is one, I mean, I do not know.

2 *Cheat*.

*2. Cheat.* Your Worship speaks with safety, like a rich man,  
And for your finding fault, our hopes are greater,  
Neither with him the Clown, nor me the Cheater. *Ex. Players.*

*Sym.* Away then, shift, Clown, to thy motley Crupper,  
We'll see them first, the King shall after supper.

*Glo.* I command your Worships wisdom in that, Mr. Mayor.

*Sym.* Nay 'tis a point of Justice, if it be well examined,  
Not to offer the King worse then I'll see my self;  
For a Play may be dangerous, I have known  
A Great man poysoned in a Play.

*Glo.* What have you, Mr. Mayor?

*Sym.* But to what purpose many times I know not.

*Felt.* Methinks they should destroy one another so.

*Sym.* Oh no no, herbar's poysoned is always made privy to it,  
That's one good order they have among them. What joyful throat  
Is that, *Aminadab*? what is the meaning of this cry? *A shout  
within.*

*Ami.* The Rebel is taken.

*Sym.* Oliver the Puritan?

*Ami.* Oliver Puritan and Fustian-Weaver altogether.

*Sym.* Fates I thank you for this victorious day,  
Bonfires of peace-straw burn, let the Bells ring;

*Glo.* There's two in mending, and you know they cannot.

*Sym.* 'Las the Tenor's broken, ring out the Treble, *Oliver is  
brought in.*  
I am overcloy'd with joy; welcome thou Rebel:

*Oli.* I scorn thy welcome, I.

*Sym.* Art thou yet so stout?

Wilt thou not stoop for grace? then get thee out.

*Oli.* I was not born to stoop but to my Loom,  
That seiz'd upon, my stooping day's are done;  
In plain terms, if thou haft any thing to say to me,  
Send me away quickly, this is no biding place,  
I understand there are Players in thy house,  
Dispatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all the Brethren.

*Sym.* Nay now proud Rebel, I will make thee stay,  
And to thy greater torment see a Play.

*Oli.* Oh Devil, I conjure thee by *Amsterdam*.

*Sym.* Our word is past,  
Justice may wink a while; but see at last:

*The*

The Play begins, hold, stop him, stop him.

Oli. Oh that prophane trumpet ! oh, oh.

Sym. Set him down there I charge you Officers.

Oli. I'le hide my ears and stop my eyes.

Sym. Down with his golls I charge you.

Oli. Oh tyranny, tyranny, revenge it tribulation !

For Rebels there are many deaths, but sure the only way

To execute a Puritan is seeing of a Play.

Oh I shall swound !

Sym. Which if thou dost, to spite thee,  
A Players Boy shall bring thee *Aqua-vita*. Enter 1 Cheater.

Oli. Oh I'le not swound at all for't, though I dye.

Sym. Peace, here's a Rascal, lift and edifie.

1 Cheat. I say still he's an Afs that cannot live by his wits.

Sym. What a bold Rascal's this? he calls us all Asses at first dash,  
Sure none of us live by our wits, unless it be *Oliver* the Puritan.

Oli. I scorn as much to live by my wits as the proudest of you all.

Sym. Why then y'are an Afs for company, so hold your prating.

2 Cheat. Fellow in arms, welcome, Enter second  
Cheater.  
The News, the News ?

Sym. Fellow in arms, quoth he ?  
He may well call him fellow in arms.  
I am sure th'are both out at the Elbows.

2 Cheat. Be lively, my heart, be lively, the Booty is at hand,  
He's but a fool of a Yeomans eldest Son,  
He's ballanc'd on both sides, Bully; he's going to buy houshold-stuff  
With one pocket, and to pay rent with the other.

1 Cheat. And if t'is be his last day, my Chuck,  
He shall forfeit his Lease, quoth the one pocket,  
And eat his meat in wooden Platters, quoth the other.

Sym. Faith then he's not so wise as he ought to be, to let  
Such Tatt redemallians get the upper hand of him. Ent. Clown.

1 Cheat. He comes. I  
2 Cheat. I, but finally to our comfort, with both his hands in  
His pockets ; how is it possible to pick a Lock, when the Key  
Is on the inside of the Door ?

Sym. Oh neighbours here's the part now  
That carries away the Play, if the Clown miscarry, Farewell

Farewell my hopes for ever, the Play's spoil'd.

*Clo.* They say there is a foolish kind of thing call'd a **Cheater**  
Abroad, that will gull any Yeoman's Son of his purse,  
And laugh in his face like an Irishman.

I would fain meet with some of these **Creatures**,  
I am in as good state to be gull'd now as ever I was in my life,  
For I have two purses at this time about me, and I would fain be  
Acquainted with that Rascal that would take one of them now.

*Sym.* Faith thou may'st be acquainted with two or three  
That will do their good wills I warrant thee.

*1 Cheat.* That way's too plain, too easie I am afraid.

*2 Cheat.* Come, Sir, your most familiar **Cheats** take best,  
They shew like natural things and least suspected,  
Give me a round shilling quickly.

*1 Cheat.* It will fetch

But one of his hands neither, if it take.

*1 Cheat.* Thou art too covetous, let's have one out first, prithee,  
There's time enough to fetch out th'other after.  
Thou liest, 'tis lawful currant money.

*They draw.*

*1 Cheat.* I say 'tis Copper in some Countries.

*Clo.* Here is a fray towards,  
But I will hold my hands, let who will part them.

*2 Cheat.* Copper? I defie thee, and now I shall disprove thee,  
Look you, here's an honest Yeoman's son of the Country,  
A man of Judgement.

*Clo.* Pray you be covered, Sir,

I have Eggs in my Cap, and cannot put it off.

*2 Cheat.* Will you be tryed by him?

*1 Cheat.* I am content, Sir.

*Sym.* They look rather as if they would be tryed next Sessions.

*1 Cheat.* Pray give your judgement of this piece of Coin, Sir.

*Clo.* Nay if it be Coin you strive abou'r,

Let me see it, I love money.

*1 Cheat.* Look on it well, Sir.

*2 Cheat.* Let him do his worst, Sir.

*Clo.* Y'had both need wear cut clothes, y'are so choleric.

*2 Cheat.* Nay rub it and spare not, Sir.

*Clo.* Now by this silver, Gentlemen,

*They pick  
his pocket.*

It is good money, would I had a hundred of them.

2 Cheat. We hope well, Sir; th'other pocket  
And we are made men.

Exeunt.

Sym. Oh neighbours, I begin to be sick of this fool,  
To see him thus couzen'd, I would make his case my own.

Clo. Still would I meet with these things call'd Cheaters.

Sym. A whoreson Coxcomb, they have met with thee,  
I can no longer endure him with patience.

Clo. Oh my rent, my whole years rent!

Sym. A murrain on you,

This makes us Landlords stay so long for our money.

Clo. The Cheaters have been here.

Sym. A scurvey hobby-horse,

That could not leave his money with me, having such a Charge  
About him; a pox on thee for an Ass, thou play a Clown?  
I will commit thee for offering it; Officers, away with him.

Glo. What means your Worship? why you'll spoil the Play, Sir.

Sym. Before the King of Kent shall be thus serv'd,  
I'll play the Clown my self, away with him.

Clo. With me? if it please your Worship, 'twas my part.

Sym. But 'twas a foolish part as ever thou plaid'st in thy life,  
I'll make thee smook for it, I'll teach thee to understand  
To play a Clown, thou shalt know, every man  
Is not born to it, away with him quickly, Exit Clown.  
He'll have the other Pocket pickt else, I heard them say it  
With my own ears; see he's come in another disguise  
To cheat thee again.

Enter second Cheat.

2 Cheat. Pish, whither goes he now?

Sym. Come on, Sir, let us see what your  
Kniveship can do at me now, He throws off  
his Gown, dis-  
covering his  
doublet with  
a satten fore-  
part and a  
You must not think you have a Clown in hand,  
The fool I have committed too, for playing the part.

2 Cheat. What's here to do?

Glo. Fie, good Sir come away,  
Will your Worship base your self to play a Clown? Canvas back.

2 Cheat. I beseech your Worship let us have our own Clown,  
I know not how to go forwards else.

Sym. Knave, play out thy part with me,

Or I'le lay thee by the heels all the days of thy life.  
 Why how now, my Masters, who is that laugh'd at me?  
 Cannot a man of Worship play the Clown a little for his pleasure  
 But he must be laugh'd at? do you know who I am?  
 Is the Kings Deputy of no better account among you?  
 Was I chosen to be laugh'd at? where's my Clerk?

*Ami.* Here, if it please your Worship.

*Sym.* Take a Note of all those

That laugh at me, that when I have done I may commit them.  
 Let me see who dare do it now. And now to you once again  
 Sir Cheater, look you, here are my purse-strings, I do defie thee.

*2 Cheat.* Good Sir, tempt me not, my part is so written  
 That I should cheat your Worship if you were my Father.

*Sym.* I should have much joy to have such a Rascal to my Son.

*2 Cheat.* Therefore I beseech your Worship pardon me, the part  
 Has more Knavery in it then when your Worship saw it at first,  
 I assure you you'll be deceiv'd in it, Sir, the new Additions  
 Will take any mans purse in Kent or Kircendome.

*Sym.* If thou canst take my purse, I'le give it thee free'y,  
 And do thy worst, I charge thee; as thou'l answer it.

*2 Cheat.* I shall offend your Worship.

*Sym.* Knave, do it quickly.

*2 Cheat.* Say you so? then there's for you, and here is for me:

*Sym.* Oh blesse me, Neighbours, I am in a Fogg, Throws meal  
in his face,  
 A Cheaters Fogg, I can see no body.

*Glo.* Run, follow him, Officers. takes his purse,

*Sym.* Away, let him go, & Exit.

He will have all your purses, if he come back,  
 A pox on your new Additions, they spoil all the plays  
 That ever they come in, the old way had no such roguery in it;  
 Calls you this a merry Comedy, when a mans eyes are put out in't?  
 Brothet Honey-suckle.

*Felt.* What says your sweet Worship.

*Sym.* I make you Deputy to rule the Town till I can see again,  
 Which will be within these nine days at farthest.

Nothing grieves me now, but that I hear *Oliver* the Rebel  
 Laugh at me; a pox on your Puritan face, this will make you in  
 Love with Plays as long as you live.

We

We shall not keep you from them now.

*Oli.* In sincerity,

I was never better pleas'd at an exercise. Ha, ha, ha.

*Sym.* Neighbours, what colour was the dust  
The Rascal threw in my face ?

*Glo.* 'Twas meal, if it please your Worship.

*Sym.* Meal ? I am glad of it,  
I'll hang the Miller for selling it.

*Glo.* Nay ten to one

The Cheater never bought it, he stole it certainly.

*Sym.* Why then I'll hang the Cheater for stealing it,  
And the Miller for being out of the way when he did it.

*Felt.* I but your Worship was in the fault your self,  
You bid him do his worst.

*Sym.* His worst ? that's true,  
But the Rascal hath done his best ; for I know not how a Villain  
Could put out a mans eyes better, and leave them in his head,  
As he has done mine.

*Ami.* Where is my Masters Worship ?

*Sym.* How now *Aminadab* ? I hear thee though I see thee not.

*Ami.* You are sure couzened, Sir, they are all professed Cheaters,  
They have stoln two silver spoons, and the Clown took his heels  
With all celerity ; they only take the name of Country-Comedians  
To abuse simple people with a printed play or two,  
Which they bought at *Canterbury* for six pence,  
And what is worse, they speak but  
What they list of it, and fribble out the rest.

*Sym.* Here's no abuse to the Common-wealth,  
If a man could see to look into it, *Enter Hengist.*  
But mark the Cunning of these cheating slaves,  
First they make Justice blind, then play the Knaves.

*Heng.* Where's Mr. Mayor ?

*Glo.* Od's precious Brother, the King of *Kent* is newly alighted.

*Sym.* The King of *Kent* ? where is he,  
That I should live to this day,  
And yet not live to see to bid him welcome ?

*Heng.* Where is *Symonides*, our friendly Host ?

*Sym.* Ah blind as one that had been fox'd a sev'night.

*Heng.*

*Heng.* Why how now man ?

*Sym.* Faith practising a Clowns part for your Grace  
I have practis'd both my eyes out.

*Heng.* What need you practise that ?

*Sym.* A man is never too old to learn, your Grace will say so,  
When you hear the jest of it ; the truth is, my Lord, I meant  
To have been merry, and now it is my luck to weep  
Water and Oatmeal ; I shall see again at Supper,  
I make no doubt of it.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Heng.* This is strange to me, Sirs.

*Gent.* Arm, arm, my Lord !

*Heng.* What's that ?

*Gent.* With swiftest speed, if ever you'll behold  
The Queen your Daughter alive again.

*Heng.* Roxena ?

*Gent.* They are besieged, *Aurelius*,  
*Ambrose*, and his Brother *Uther*,  
With numbers infinite of British Forces,  
Beset their Castle, and they cannot scape  
Without your speedy succour.

*Heng.* For her safety I'll forget food and rest : away.

*Sym.* I hope your Worship will hear the jest e're you go.

*Heng.* The jest ! torment me not.

*Sym.* I'll follow you to *Wales* with a Dog and a Bell  
But I will tell it you.

*Heng.* Unsealonable Folly !

*Exit cum suis.*

*Sym.* 'Tis sign of war when great men disagree ;  
Look to the Rebel well, till I can see,  
And when my sight is recover'd, I will have  
His eyes pull'd out for a fortnight.

*Oli.* My eyes ? hang thee,  
A deadly sin or two shall pluck them out first,  
That is my resolution. Ha, ha, ha.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*

ACT. 5. SCENA 2.

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Enter *Aurelius* and *Uther* with *Soldiers*, (*Vortiger* and *Horsus* above.)

*Uth.* MY Lord, the Castle is so fortified.  
*Aur.* Let wild-fire ruine it,  
That his destruction may appear to him  
In the figure of Heavens wrath at the last day,  
That Murtherer of our Brother. Hence away,  
I'lle send my heart no peace till it be consum'd.

*Uth.* There he appears again, behold, my Lord.  
*Aur.* Oh that the zealous fire on my Souls Altar,  
To the high Birth of Virtue consecrated,  
Would fit me with a lightning now to blast him,  
Even as I look upon him.

*Uth.* Good my Lord,  
Your anger is too noble and too precious  
To waite it self on guilt so foul as his ;  
Let ruine work her will.

*Vor.* Begirt all round?  
*Hor.* All, all, my Lord, 'tis folly to make doubts of it,  
You question things that horror long ago  
Resolv'd us on.

*Vor.* Give me leave, *Horsus*, though—

*Hor.* Do what you will, Sir, question them again,  
I'lle tell them to you.

*Vor.* Not so, Sir,  
I will not have them told again:

*Hor.* It rests then.

*Vor.* That's an ill word put in, when thy heart knows  
There is no rest at all, but torment making.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* True, my heart finds it ; that sits weeping blood now  
 For poor *Roxenda's* safety. You'l confess, my Lord,  
 My love to you has brought me to this danger ?  
 I could have liv'd like *Hengist*, King of *Kent*,  
*London*, *York*, *Lincoln*, and *Winchester*,  
 Under the power of my Command, the portion  
 Of my most just desert, enjoyed now  
 By pettier, Deservers.

*Vor.* Say you so, Sir,  
 And you'l confess ? since you began Confession  
 (A thing I should have died e're I had thought on)  
 Y'have mar'd the fashion of your affection utterly,  
 In your own wicked counsel, there you paid me,  
 You were bound in conscience to love me after,  
 You were bound to 't, as men in honesty,  
 That vitiate Virgins, to give Dowries to them ;  
 My faith was pure before to a faithful woman.

*Hor.* My Lord, my Counsel—

*Vor.* Why I'le be judg'd by these  
 That knit death in their Brows, and hold me now  
 Not worth the acceptance of a flattery,  
 Most of whose faces smil'd when I smil'd once ; my Lords:

*Wth.* Reply not, Brother.

*Vor.* Seeds of scorn, I mind you not,  
 I speak to them alone whose force makes yours a power,  
 Which else were none. Shew me the main food of your hate,  
 Which cannot be the Murther of *Constantius*  
 That crawls in your Revenges ; for your loves  
 Were violent long since that.

*I Lo.* And had been still,  
 If from that Pagan wound th'hadst kept thee free,  
 But when thou fled'st from Heaven, we fled from thee.

*Vor.* This was your Counsel now.

*Hor.* Mine ? 'twas the Counsel  
 Of your own lust and blood, your appetite knows it.

*Vor.* May thunder strike me from these walls, my Lords,  
 And leave me many Leagues off from your eyes,  
 If this be not the man, whose Stygian Soul

Breath'd

Breath'd forth that counsel to me, and sole Plotter  
Of all those false injurious disgraces  
That have abus'd the vertuous patience  
Of our Religious Queen.

*Hor.* A Devil in madness!

*Vor.* Upon whose life, I swear, there sticks no stain  
But what's most wrongful, and where now she thinks  
A rape dwells on her honour, only I  
Her Ravisher was, and his the Policy.

*Aur.* Inhumane practice!

*Vor.* Now you know the truth,  
Will his death serve your fury?

*Hor.* My death?

*Vor.* Say, will it do it?

*Hor.* Say they should say "twould doe"?

*Vor.* Why then it must.

*Hor.* It must?

*Vor.* It shall, speak but the word, it shall be yielded up.

*Hor.* Believe him not, he cannot do it.

*Vor.* Cannot?

*Hor.* 'Tis but a false and base Insinuation  
For his own life, and like his late submission.

*Vor.* Oh sting to honour, alive or dead thou goest. *Stabs him.*  
For that words rudeness only.

*Lo.* See, sin needs

No other destruction then it breeds in its own bosom.

*Vor.* Such another brings him.

*Hor.* What, has thy vile rage stamp'd a wound upon me?  
I'll send one to thy soul shall never heal for't.

*Vor.* How, to my soul?

*Hor.* It shall be thy master-torment  
Both for the pain and the everlastingness.

*Vor.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Hor.* Dost laugh? take leave of it, all eternity  
Shall never see thee do so much again:  
Know thou art a Cuckold.

*Vor.* What!

*Hor.* You change too soon, Sir:

*Vor.* *Jack*

K

*Roxena*

*Roxena*, whom th'haſt raiſ'd to thy own ruine,  
She was my Whore in *Germany*.

*Vor.* Burst me open the violence of whirl-winds:

*Hor.* Hear me out first,

For her embrace, which my flesh yet ſits warm in,  
I was thy friend and follower.

*Vor.* Deafen me  
Thou molt impetuous noise that ſtarts the world!

*Hor.* And to ſerve both our luſts I pra&tis'd with thee  
Againſt thy vertuous Queen.

*Vor.* Bane to all Conforts!

*Hor.* Whose faiſhul ſweetneſs, too precious for thy bloud,  
I made thee change for loves Hypocriſie.

*Vor.* Inſufferable!

*Hor.* Only to make my way to pleaſure fearless, free & fluent.

*Vor.* Hells Trump is in that throat.

*They ſtab each other.*

*Vor.* I'le damme it up with death firſt.

*Rox. enters in fear.*

*Rox.* Oh for ſuccour!

Who's neer me? help me, ſave me, the flame follows me,  
'Tis in the figure of young *Vortimer*, the Prince,  
Whose life I took by poyon.

*Hor.* Hold out breath and I ſhall find thee quickly.

*Vor.* I'le tug thy ſoul out here.

*Hor.* Do Monſter:

*Rox.* *Vartiger!*

*Vor.* Monſter!

*Rox.* My Lord!

*Vor.* Toad, Pagan.

*Hor.* Viper, Christian.

*Rox.* Oh hear me,

Oh help me, my Love, my Lord, 'tis here,

*Horſu* look up, if not to ſuccour me,

To ſee me yet conſum'd; oh what is love

When life is not regarded?

*Vor.* What strength's left I'le fix upon thy throat.

*Hor.* I have ſome force yet.

*Rox.* No way to ſcape? is this the end of glory?

*Both ſtab,*

*Hor. falls.*

Doubly

Doubly beset with enemies wrath and fire :  
It comes nearer, rivers and fountains fall,  
It sucks away my breath, I cannot give  
A curse to sin, and heart out while I live. Help, help.

*She falls.*

*Ver.* Burn, burn, now I can't see thee,  
Take time with her in torment, call her life  
A far off to thee, dry up her strumpet-blood,  
And hard y parch the skin, let one heat strangle her,  
Another fetch her to her sense again,  
And the worst pain be only her reviving,  
Follow her eternally ; oh mystical Harlot,  
Thou hast thy full due, whom lust crown'd Queen before  
Flames crown her now a most triumphant Whore.  
And that end crowns them all.

*He falls.*

*Aur.* Our peace is full,  
In yon Usurpers fall, nor have I known  
A Judgement meet more fearfully.  
Here, take this Ring, deliver the good Queen,  
And those grave pledges of her murdered honour,  
(Her worthy Father, and her noble Uncle.)

How now ! the meaning of these sounds ? *Enter Hengist,*  
*Heng:* The Consumer has been here, she's gone, Devon. Staf.  
In glowing Cinders now lye all my joys, (she's lost, & Soldiers.  
The headlong Fortune of my rash Captivity  
Strikes not so deep a wound into my hopes  
As thy dear loss.

*Aur.* Her Father and her Uncle !  
*1 Lo.* They are indeed, my Lord.  
*Aur.* Part of my wishes,  
What fortunate power has prevented me,  
And e're my love came, brought them victory ?  
*1 Lo.* My wonder sticks in *Hengift King of Kent.*  
*Devon.* My Lord, to make that plain which now I see  
Fix'd in astonishment ; the only name  
Of your Return and Being brought such gladness  
To this distracted Kingdom, that, to express  
A thankfulness to Heaven, it grew great  
In charitable Actions, from which goodness

We taste our liberty, who sin'd engag'd  
Upon the Innocence of womans honour,  
(A kindness that even threatned to undo us)  
And haying newly but enjoy'd the benefit  
And fruits of our enlargement, twas our happiness  
To intercept this Moniter of Ambition,  
Bred in these times of Usurpation,  
The rankness of whose Insolence and Treason  
Grew to such height, twas arm'd to bid you Battle.  
Whom, as our fames Redemption, on our knees  
We present Captive.

*Aur.* Had it needed reason  
You richly came provid'd, I understand  
Not your deserts till now; my honoured Lords,  
Is this that German Saxon, whose least thirst  
Could not be satisfied under a Province ?

*Heng.* Had but my fate directed this bold arm  
To thy life, the whole Kingdome had been mine,  
That was my hopes great aim; I have a thirst  
Could never have been full quench'd under all,  
The whole must doe't or nothing.

*Aur.* A strange drayght; And used and fuming O! I say  
And what a little ground shall death now teach you  
To be content withal ?

*Heng.* Why let it then, For none else can, y'have nam'd the only way  
To limit my Ambition, a full cure  
For all my fading hopes and sickly fears;  
Nor shall it be less we come to me now  
Then a fresh acquisition would have been  
Unto my new built Kingdoms; Life to me,  
('Less it be glorious) is a misery.

*Aur.* That pleasure we will do you; Lead him out,  
And when we have inflicted our just doom  
On his usurping heads, it will become  
Our pious care to see this Realm secur'd  
From the Convulsions it hath long endur'd.

*Exeunt omnes:*